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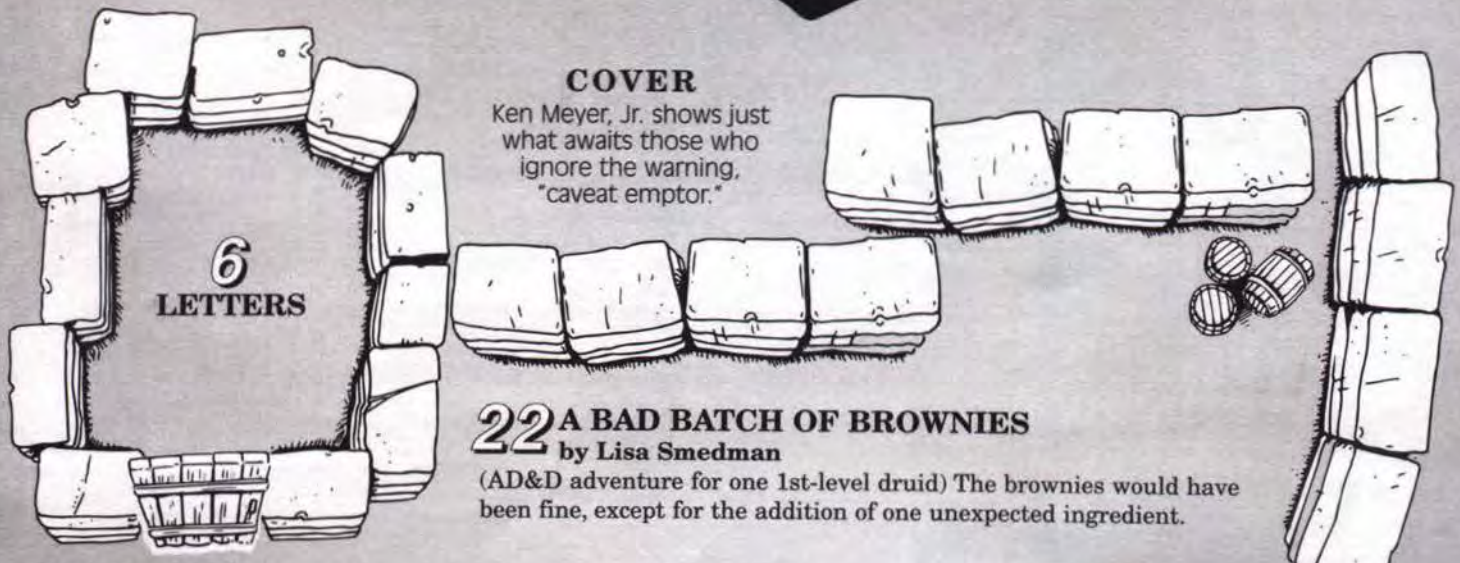

COVER

Ken Meyer, Jr. shows just what awaits those who ignore the warning, "caveat emptor."

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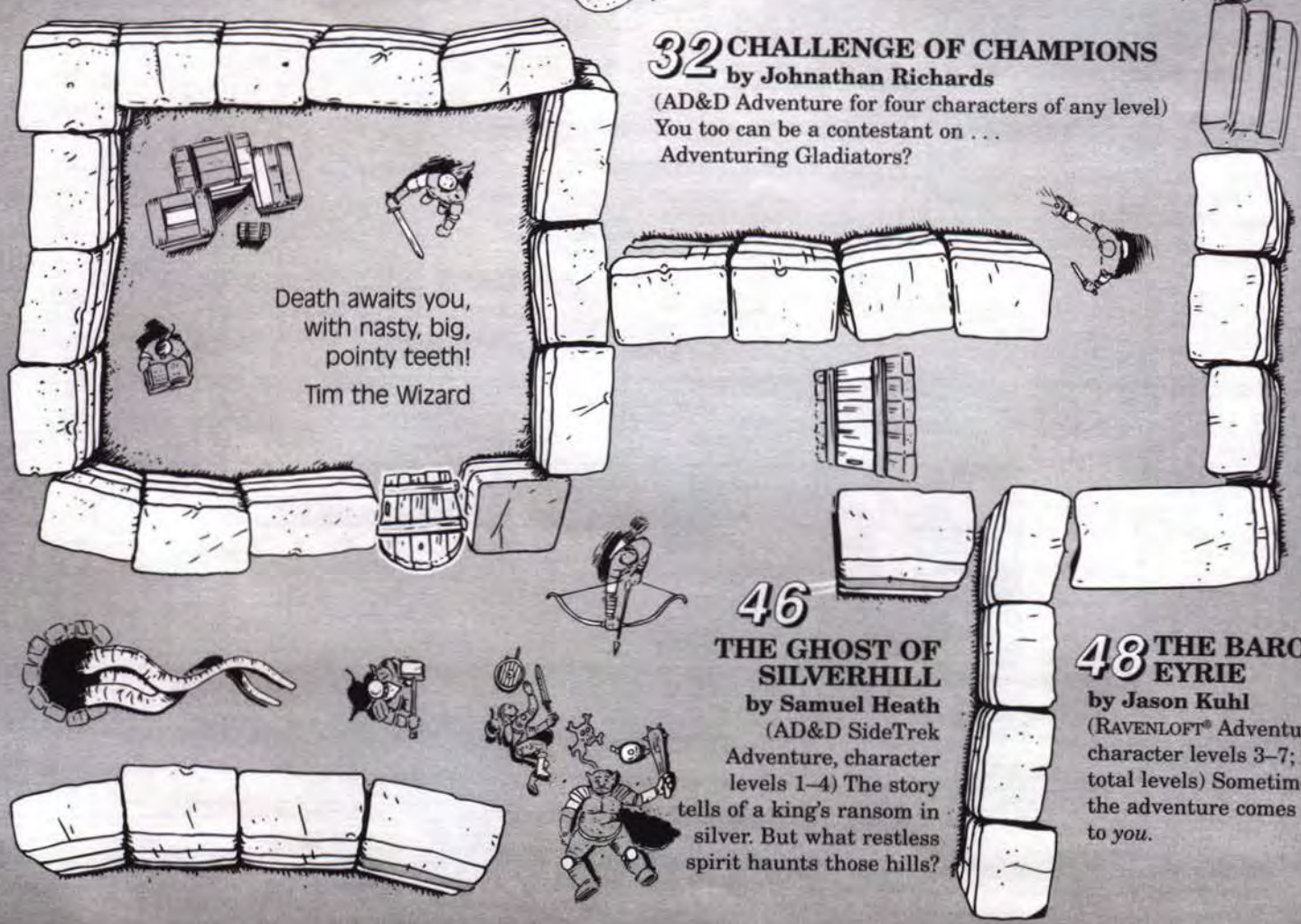

Death awaits you, with nasty, big, pointy teeth!
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by Samuel Heath
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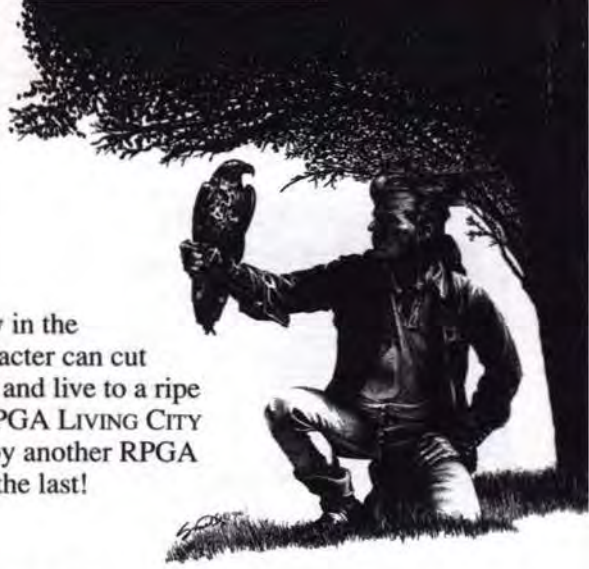

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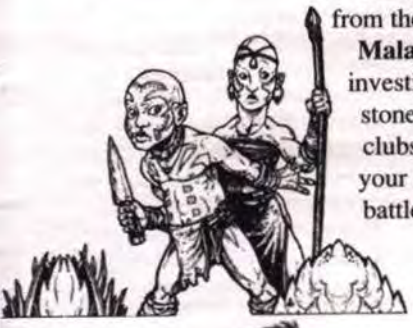

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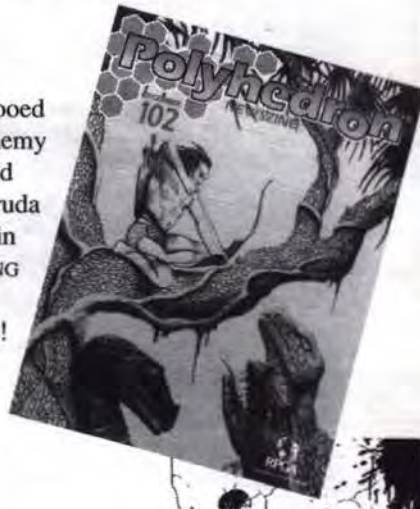

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Letters

To comment on this issue, write to **Letters,** DUNGEON® Adventures, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A. Send e-mail to tsr.mags@genie.geis.com.

We're still receiving comments on issue #56, and everyone seems to have a different favorite. Thus, we can't declare a clear winner for that issue, but we'll continue to print the most interesting letters on both issues #56 and #57, so you can read why others chose their favorites. Don't let that stop you from sending us a list of your favorite adventures for this issue, and tell us what you'd like to see appear in future issues of DUNGEON Adventures.

More Adventures on Krynn!

Issue #56 was great! I especially loved "Janx's Jinx" and "Briocht." I have only one problem with your magazine, but it's a big one. You do not print enough DRAGONLANCE® adventures! I'm sure you are saying that the world isn't as popular as the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting, but do you know any game world that can say it is?

I just read *Dragons of Summer Flame* by Weis and Hickman, and it occurred to me that now is the perfect time to give the world a push. I noticed about a dozen large changes in the game world, any of which would make a great opportunity to publish an update.

Anyway, since I don't know any DMs (I am one myself) but want to play as well, why don't you start a service that helps groups find each other? Well, keep the mags coming!

Brian Gaidin
Via e-mail

More from the Bard!

Only one suggestion for DUNGEON Adventures: please do more of the Shakespearean adventures! Remember that a good portion of AD&D® game players are adults, and the Shakespearean adventures appeal to us. While I would never want to alienate any players, I would like to see more sophisticated themes addressed in AD&D adventures. Scenarios like "Dark Thane Macbeth" not only provide good gaming sessions, they also open up new avenues toward character development, which in turn provides greater enjoyment of the game. Older players, like myself, need more out of role-playing than bigger, badder monsters. DUNGEON Adventures has thus far been the only forum I have been able to find for more "adult" AD&D adventures.

I would also like to see a section dedicated to "bare-bones" adventures. It would be nice if each issue could feature one or two sites, like an abandoned tower or a busy roadside inn, with no connecting plot. These generic sites could then be used by DMs in any world they wished.

Joe Bickley
Mirrorsaw@aol.com

We'll be delighted to print both DRAGONLANCE adventures and more adaptations from Shakespeare . . . just as soon as we receive great submissions for them. Few DRAGONLANCE proposals arrive here, and we just haven't seen one that knocks us out recently. That could change with this year's release of the new DRAGONLANCE game. In the meantime, check out "The Baron's Eyrie" in this issue. While it is set in the RAVENLOFT® campaign, it includes some distinctly Krynnish elements.

The good news on the theatrical front is that Mike Selinker, author of "Dark Thane Macbeth," has at least one more Shakespearean adaptation in mind. We'd also love to see proposals from authors who'd like to adapt other works of literature to game adventures.

More AL-QADIM® Adventures

I'm afraid I have to agree with most of the letters that issue #56 was just so-so (the only exception being the Dark Continent Adventure, by David Howery; it was terrific!).

This latest issue, however, was one of the best I have seen. I heartily commend DUNGEON Adventures on continuing to publish AL-QADIM adventures. Many of us who love that game world rued the day when TSR elected not to publish any more AL-QADIM game prod-

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ucts. "The Rose of Jumlat" was exceptionally well done, and it captured the "Arabian Nights" mood perfectly. Keep the AL-QADIM adventures coming!

I was also quite impressed with "The Murder of Maury Miller." Low-level adventures can be difficult to write, but the author produced a masterpiece. It is very refreshing to find an adventure that is well written, balanced, and not overloaded with magic. All of the other adventures in this issue were excellent as well. (I also really liked the graphical revision of the Table of Contents.)

As for the editorial on role-playing, I agree with the observations on the use of the third-person vs. the first-person styles. I have noticed that typically the third-person role-playing style ("My thief will listen at the door.") is used by a player who is still feeling his way into the game. First-person role-playing ("I can't hear a doggone thing at the door," or, better yet, "Whoa, quiet everybody! I can't hear a doggone thing at this keyhole if you're flapping your gums!") is used by players who have been playing for a while and are comfortable with their characters. At times, use of the third person is necessary for the player to clarify to the DM what the character is doing (and for the DM to describe what is going on), but a truly great role-player can minimize this. A DM, by the way, uses second person quite a bit. ("As the door creaks open, you get a whiff of something that smells like rotting fish, and you think you saw a slight movement in the deep shadows of the room.")

As a DM, I try to encourage first-person style with all players, and the more seasoned role-players do their part by being good role models of the first-person style. This is important, because a new player may feel shy about playing Grrrd the barbarian or Akira the fire priestess, and he may even fear that if he uses a first-person style he will be ridiculed. The key to overcoming this is that he feel accepted by the group. Good role-modeling, a compliment from the DM, or a word of encouragement from another player (especially one the "new guy" has never met before) will go a long way in relaxing the player and getting him to feel accepted, to "let his hair down," and to have fun.

Paul Culotta
Via e-mail

The AL-QADIM setting is one of our favorites as well. While we receive relatively few proposals for adventures in that setting, those we do see are usually very good, perhaps because the tone of the setting lends itself so well to storytelling. Look for another wonderful AL-QADIM adventure early next year.

A Few Suggestions

I'd like to thank Dan DeFazio for "Unhallowed Ground" (in issue #54). I loved running it, and my players loved playing it. It fit into my campaign as if it were made for it, and other designers should take a look at this adventure to learn a bit about organization. The suggestions for luring PCs to the site of the adventure were fantastically helpful. I have to say that the clean organization allowed me to forget about the dynamics of the plot and just enjoy running the NPCs. As Tim Scott wrote in issue #56, a bit more action might have suited my tastes a little better, but that's a matter of personal style. All told, it was a beautiful adventure.

I have a comment about "Umbra" in issue #55. I do not play PLANESCAPE®, and I was disappointed to find almost half of my favorite magazine taken up by an unusable adventure. I know that you editor-types wouldn't have made that decision if it weren't a great adventure (I haven't even looked at it), but in order to keep DUNGEON Adventures useful to those of us who don't play such settings, perhaps such long adventures that are impossible to use in more than one setting should be used by TSR in other publications designed specifically for the setting in question. I respect the needs of other DMs, but half of the magazine was a bit much for one setting. Keep this in mind for the BIRTHRIGHT™ setting as well; I know TSR would love to plug the new setting with a huge adventure for it, but a big adventure just takes up space as far as non-BIRTHRIGHT players are concerned.

The new PLAYER'S OPTION™ rules seem likely to influence the way that DUNGEON Adventures formats NPCs. I personally am a 2nd Edition purist and do not use these optional rules, as I feel that they are directly counter to many of the practical rules about fantasy worlds, and they introduce rules that nullify some of the reasons I like the

Continued on page 21

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CAVEAT EMPTOR

BY TED ZUVICH

Let the buyer be-were!

Artwork by Ken Meyer, Jr.

Ted writes: "This adventure arose out of events that took place during the long and profitable voyages of the Free Merchant ship Galebait. *Therefore, the redoubtable Captain Bayleaf dedicates this adventure to Chief Artillery Mate Tobler, who never did get his teeth fixed. I dedicate it to Dave, Doug, Eilidh, Jon, and Todd. Also, thanks to the playtesters for providing invaluable feedback.*

"Caveat Emptor" is an AD&D® adventure for 4–6 PCs of levels 3–6 (about 18 total levels). The adventure could also be used as a solo adventure for a single experienced player with a PC of levels 10–12. In this case, the PC should have at least one lower-level NPC assistant or retainer.

Ideally, one or more of the PCs should occupy a position of authority in the community, be it sheriff, knight, or army officer. Most, if not all, of the PCs should have a silver or magical weapon, or some other magical means of dealing with creatures that can be hit only by silver or magical weapons. Although the adventure does include several difficult fights, players who adopt fighting as the only solution will have difficulty completing the adventure. Rather than brute strength, this scenario requires good problem-solving and detective work.

This adventure is set in the busy seaport of Rocky Harbor, which is located on a sheltered island deep in an extensive archipelago. Rocky Harbor is another location in the Volkrad campaign setting, as previously published in DUNGEON® Adventures issue #41. At the DM's option, the adventure can be conducted in any fair-sized port city.

"Caveat Emptor" explores some of the consequences of sedentary magic, the sort that adventuring mages rarely use but that their stay-at-home cousins use every day. There are many possible variations on this adventure. For example, the DM could decide to change the setting to an inland city, in which case the lycanthrope type could be were-boars, werebears, or werewolves. This adventure was written for a campaign in which magic items are rare, but it can be revised to a more conventional style with a minimum of DM effort.

While the adventure is organized by locations within the city of Rocky Harbor, each location encounter also includes events that occur there. The DM should refer to the "Expected

Course of Events" sidebar to keep track of the chronology. The actions of the PCs, of course, may require the DM to adjust the timeline. Remember: making the adventure fun is more important than sticking to the timeline.

For the DM

Until very recently, Ann Li operated a successful business on the edge of Rocky Harbor's extensive warehouse district. Ann, a sedentary wizard, carefully examined the teeth of her customers and used her specialized spells (see the sidebar on page 14) to repair any cavities or flaws revealed during the exam. Ann acquired the material for the repairs by purchasing teeth wherever she could find them: from rough-and-tumble sailor bars, from poor folk who sold her the teeth of their dead kin, and the occasional cow tooth purchased from the abattoir. (Who was ever going to know? Cow teeth worked just as well, and they were much easier to come by and significantly cheaper.)

In her perpetual search for teeth, Ann frequently visited Cabar's Curiosities, a strange little shop nestled among the repair facilities and docks down by the harbor. Cabar, the proprietor, often reserved teeth of one sort or another for Ann's perusal. Ann was also a good friend of Cabar's wife, Feidh, which provided another reason for the visits.

Several weeks ago, Ann purchased a necklace of teeth from Cabar. The teeth were a bit oddly shaped, but the price was right. After some initial experiments on volunteers, Ann used the teeth to repair cavities on her paying customers. The resulting repairs were hard and white; her customers remarked that their teeth seemed especially strong and sharp. Pleased with these results, Ann continued using the teeth.

The teeth were, unknown to Ann and Cabar, those of a greater seawolf killed many years ago by a trio of brave fisher-folk.

Just before the start of this adventure, one of Ann's customers, a pirate known as Longjaw Pete, returned to the shop and complained of a sharp pain in his jaw, especially in his newly repaired teeth. Longjaw threatened to knock out Ann's own teeth unless she fixed his immediately. Ann set about performing an examination to find the problem. The exam was painful for Longjaw, and the additional stress caused by the dental exam triggered the awful curse inherent in the lycanthrope's teeth. Midway through the exam, Longjaw went wild and experienced a partial transformation, becoming a savage hybrid of seawolf and man. Caught up in his murderous rage, Longjaw mauled and battered Ann like a small child pummeling a little ragged doll.

When Longjaw recovered from his fit a few minutes later, he found Ann lying on the floor, apparently bitten to death by some wild animal. Blood was spattered all over the walls, ceiling, and floors of the examination room. Still dazed, Longjaw felt something stuck in his mouth. Thinking it to be some sort of dental tool, the pirate fished out the obstruction—and stared, stupefied, at one of Ann's fingers.

A noise at the door made Longjaw look up. Ann's apprentice, a young man named Myles, stood at the door, eyes wide with horror. A red wash of rage overcame Longjaw once again, and he attacked Myles. The apprentice managed to hide deep within a closet, and Longjaw was unable to reach him. In frustration, Longjaw destroyed the office and fled the scene of his crime. Newly overcome by the lycanthropic curse, Longjaw instinctively made his way down to the harbor, toward the sea.

The adventure starts in the evening of the day before the night of the full moon. Later this night, several of Ann's customers begin to feel the first effects of the curse, just as Longjaw did. If they are not cured (or at least caught and restrained) before the night of the full moon, all of the victims are doomed to go wild and commit foul deeds as they enter the throes of their first transformation.

Adventure Outline

In the beginning of the adventure, the PCs discover Ann's murder. The first few encounters contain a series of clues that should send the PCs rushing after the pirate Longjaw Pete, perhaps having several encounters (area 2 and area 3A) with more of Longjaw's victims along the way. The PCs may face a fierce battle with Longjaw Pete on the jetty (area 3B) at this point, depending on their actions.

After the first turbulent round of encounters, the PCs will probably try to

Expected Course of Events

Most of the encounters are written as if they occur at a specific time or during a specific part of the adventure. If the PCs go through the encounters at a different time than expected, the DM may have to adjust some details of the action.

DAY 1 (7/21)

6:00 P.M. Longjaw Pete flees Ann's office.

6:15 P.M. The PCs arrive at Ann's office.

6:30 P.M. The PCs encounter Verme, the warehouse worker (area 2).

6:45 P.M. The PCs encounter Tand (area 3).

7:15 P.M. The PCs encounter Longjaw Pete at the end of the jetty (area 3B)

Late Evening: The PCs return to Ann's office and search it thoroughly. PCs spend the night rounding up victims (encounters in Areas 6 through 8).

DAY 2 (7/22)

A.M. Early in the morning, if the PCs did not discover the logbook, Feidh (Ann's friend) points it out. All victims have begun to show symptoms of their curse.

P.M. All victims who are still at large (except Etienne, Area 8) change to seawolf form and commit horrible deeds unless rounded up and taken to the Temple of Sails before midnight.

DAY 3 (7/23, Full Moon)

A.M. Any victims that are still at-large leave their regular homes and start hanging around places like the Tavern of 29 Bells (area 9).

DAY 4 (7/24)

Longjaw Pete, if still alive, returns to the Tavern of 29 Bells early in the morning. He leaves when night falls (to change into a seawolf) and returns in the morning. He repeats this pattern.

BEYOND DAY 4

The PCs track backward along the trail of the teeth to Teon (area 11) and Captain Rae (area 12).

figure out what went wrong, their investigation leading to a careful search of Ann's shop and a roundup of the possible victims. During the roundup, the PCs must ensure that the victims are detained or cured, a situation leading to a role-playing encounter at the Temple of Sails (area 4). If the PCs do not start the roundup on their own, the DM can use Cabar and Feidh (area 10) as prompts to keep the adventure going. The adventure assumes that the PCs get help in rounding up the victims (either from the priests at the Temple of Sails, or from the Sheriff (area 5), so the adventure lists only three "rounding up" encounters for the PCs.

The PCs may be interested in tracking down the source of the curse. The last part of the adventure concerns efforts to track the teeth back to their point of origin and solve the mystery.

Beginning the Adventure

As stated in the introduction, "Caveat Emptor" assumes that the PCs occupy a position of some civil authority. A background as a military officer is ideal, since it provides a reason for the PCs to be in town, gives them the necessary authority, and allows the PCs to be from outside the local area. Other backgrounds are still possible. For example, the PCs could be police, city guards, private detectives, or known "troubleshooters" for a local merchant's guild or mage's guild. To start the adventure, the PCs are called in on the case after the discovery of Ann's body. If the PCs occupy no position of civil authority, the DM must supply another adventure hook.

Read or paraphrase the following introduction to the players:

> You are in the middle of your evening meal when a matronly woman wearing a stout woolen dress and a heavy wool cloak approaches your table. You recognize her as Autre, a well-known and respected local horse-trader. Ashen-faced, she sits down in a chair with a thump, ignoring the bartender who hovers nearby.
>
> "Thank Lire I found you," exclaims Autre. "I've just come from Ann Li's shop—you know, the mage who fixes teeth. I had an appointment." Autre laughs somewhat maniacally and grabs your beer, nearly draining it in one gulp. She sets the tankard down with a bang, beer-foam clinging to her lip, and exclaims, "She was murdered! There's blood everywhere! You'd better go check, and quickly!"

Autre (horse trader): AL N; AC 6 (*armor* spell); MV 12; F2; hp 12; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 9; D 11; C 10; I 12; W 11; Ch 14. Nonweapon proficiencies: animal handling—horses, ride—horses, appraising, read/write.

At 48 years old, Autre remains physically fit and active in her profession. Well-known throughout Rocky Harbor for her canny bargaining and friendly nature, she is liked and respected by virtually everyone. At the DM's option, any PC with a special interest in horses may have been friends with Autre for years.

The place where Autre finds the PCs is quite close (three minutes or less on foot) to Ann's shop. Autre is a law-abiding citizen who will cooperate with the civil authorities in all regards, including going quietly to jail, since she should be a prime suspect in the grisly murder.

Lire, mentioned in the introduction, is the name of a local god who governs sea-trade.

Rocky Harbor Key

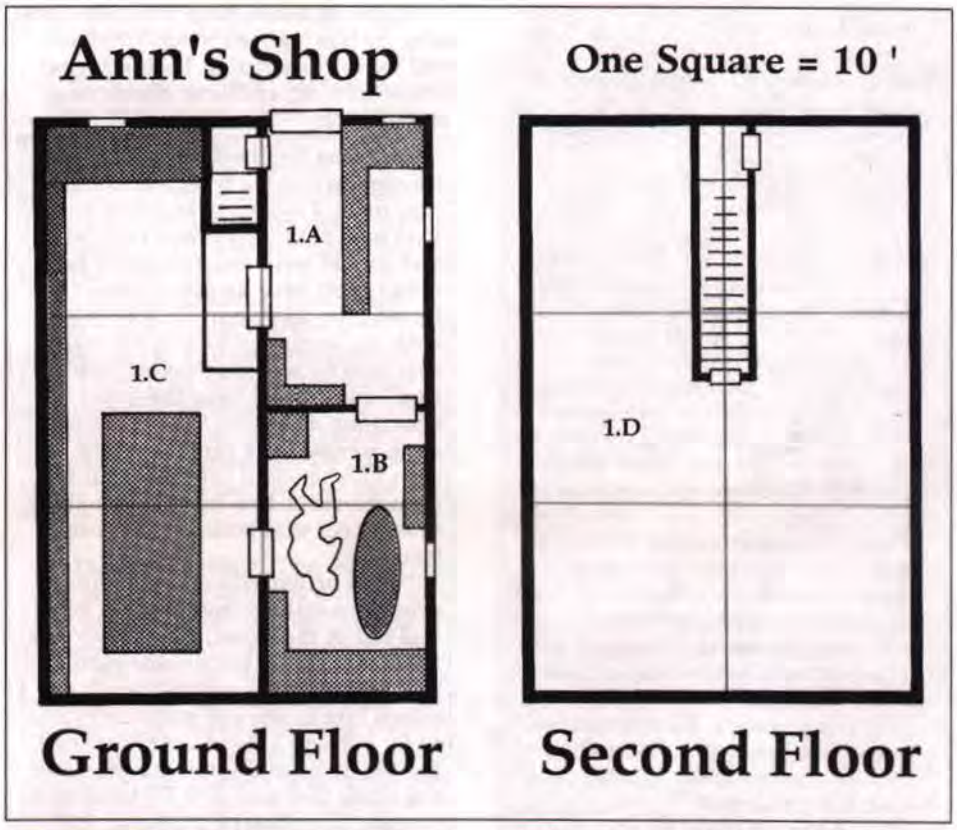
Rocky Harbor is a busy seaport located on a small island nestled deep in a sheltered archipelago. Rocky Harbor is nominally a part of the Kingdom of Aquilus, a monarchy ruled by Queen Sarah Jeanne Marie Rhys-Aquilus. The local government takes its form in Baron William of Rocky Harbor, the Queen's representative. This far out in the archipelago, however, the hold of the Queen's Law is relaxed. Even Baron William is a bit of a rogue. Pirate ships (ones that prey on non-Aquilean shipping) occasionally take advantage of Rocky Harbor's isolation and put in to the seaport for repairs and to sell off their booty. The seaport does enough legitimate business that the pirates can meld into the bustle, if they behave themselves while they are in port. The locals carefully refrain from asking too many questions, in any event.

1. Ann Li's Shop. Autre leads the PCs directly back to Ann's shop. A wooden sign depicting a gleaming, healthy white tooth hangs out into the street to mark the shop. A polished bronze plaque set into the stonework of the building identifies the owner of the shop as "Ann Li, Mage At Large," for those customers who can read.

1A. Reception Area.

Despite the late hour, Mistress Ann's office appears to be open. Bright light spills out of the window, illuminating the dark street. A small bell tinkles as the door swings open into the warm office.

As the door opens, the hot copper scent of fresh blood fills the air. A small pool of bright crimson leaks from under the door leading to the inner office. Two gleaming brass lamps set high on the walls provide harsh illumination. A counter and desk are set against the left wall, under a small window. Torn and tattered papers are strewn randomly cross the desk and the office floor. Silence fills the office, except for the soft heartbeat ticking of a mechanical clock, which sits curiously undisturbed on the edge of the counter.



After several moments, a stifled animal whimper comes from behind a closet door set underneath a stairway, breaking the silence.

Ann's apprentice made the whimpering noise from the closet. Opening the closet and looking behind all the coats and brooms reveals a slim, dark-haired young man jammed back into the deepest corner of the under-stair closet, whimpering in terror. Any PC with the healing proficiency can instantly see that the young man is *non compis mentis* and suffering from shock. Deep bloody scratches cover his forearms.

Myles cowered in the deepest reaches of the closet during Longjaw's furious rampage, so the seawolf was unable to get to the young man. The PCs must talk Myles out of his refuge. Doing so requires either a *remove fear* spell or a lot of fast talking. If the PCs try to talk Myles down, roll a morale check every round (modified by any PC Charisma reaction bonuses). Myles comes out of the closet only if the morale check succeeds. Myles must be completely calmed before he becomes coherent. Normally this requires at least 24 hours of complete rest or a *remove fear* spell. In a pinch, a generous DM could allow a successful *charm person* coupled with a *cure light wounds* spell to calm Myles enough to tell his story. The PCs could also take Myles to the Temple of the Sails (area 4), where one of the priests is willing to cast *remove fear* on the young man.

Myles (apprentice wizard): AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; W2; hp 3 (2); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10; D 14; C 9; I 14; W 9; Ch 12; ML 10. Nonweapon proficiencies: read/write, artistic ability—carving, herbalism (–2); Spells (2): *unseen servant, comprehend languages.*

Myles is Ann's 15-year-old apprentice, a nervous and impressionable youth who isn't at all up to facing the horror of his mistress's demise. While he does want to help the PCs capture the murderer, his terror of Longjaw Pete makes him nearly useless as a witness at first. Normally Myles is a calm, cool, sharp-witted young man, but he has just been through a sanity-threatening experience. Note that, while wounded by Longjaw, Myles has been fortunate enough not to have contracted lycanthropy.

If the PCs calm Myles and ask him what happened, read or paraphrase the

Player Handout #1

Testing. Good. 7/21, this 23rd year of the reign of our good Queen, Sarah of Aquilus, half past five on this beautiful evening.

Commencing examination of patient complaining of dull aching pain in front incisor and several molars on the right side of the lower jaw. Patient was in last week for various dental work on the aforementioned teeth. Patient has requested that his name be withheld from records but has permitted recording of general physical details for medical records. Patient is in his early 30s, 6'2", weighs approximately fourteen stone, and displays excellent general physical health.

Please open your mouth. A little wider. I have to get this extremely large clamp in there. (Chuckle.) A little humor, there. Everybody's eyes widen a little when they see that clamp. But I really do have to get a clamp in there, but just this small one.

Hmm. Interesting. There seems to be some swelling and inflammation of the tissue. Let me get my glasses and a lens. Keep your mouth open.

Yes. There is a slight deformation and yellowing of the teeth that I repaired last week. That should not be happening. Could you open a little wider, please?

Yes, that's good. Wider?

Definite yellowing. What's that? Yes, I realize that it hurts. I'll be done soon. Hey, don't break your jaw trying to open any wider.

You know, you should come in more often. These are the only teeth you'll ever have. You have to take care of them.

Hmm. Well, the repairs are holding. Definite discoloration though. I wish I knew what was causing that deformation. How do you feel about false teeth? Hey! Hands off, pal. I was just joking. I'll just reset the spell. That will do it.

Open wide again.

Wider.

Wider, please. My, what a long jaw you have.

Yes, I'm scraping your tooth. I've got to rough up the surface a bit. Have a shot of whiskey. It will deaden the sensation a bit.

Hey! Control yourself! There was no need to bite my finger. Hey! Let go!

Argh! My finger! My finger!

(No further dictation.)

information below. Remember that even after he has "calmed down," Myles is still semi-hysterical at best. Interject lots of sobbing, sniffling, blubbering, and wailing.

"There was this bestial roaring and screaming coming from the examination room. I looked in the door and that man that long-jawed man who was in last week but this week he didn't even have an *appointment* but he said his teeth hurt was all hairy with big teeth and he had big red eyes and he was chewing on Ann's *hand* and I could hear the bones crunching and there was this great *gash* across Ann's throat and the man had blood all over him and I thought about how hard it was going to be to get that stain off the floorboards!

"Then he looked up at me and his eyes were rolling around and I ran and hid in the closet. He followed and tried to grab me but he was getting less hairy and he couldn't reach and I poked him in the eye with the broom so he left and I could hear him trashing the office and I just finished sorting those files and now I'll have to do it again and then he slammed the door and Ann is dead!

"How is she going to fix teeth now? Her hands are ruined! Help me!"

The PCs may have some additional questions for Myles. Myles cannot tell the PCs when the attack occurred, but the scratches on his arms are still bleeding, and the blood on the floor has not yet coagulated, indicating that the disturbance occurred recently. The PCs should also do something about Ann's body (area 1B) before Myles sees it, or the distraught young man will go right back into hysterics.

A literate PC can scan Ann's price list, which is buried among the papers strewn on the floor. The price list takes 1d6 rounds to find. It reveals that Ann charged for her services on a sliding scale depending on the complexity of the job and the customer's ability to pay. Prices ranged from 10 gp for a basic tooth-repair job to 50 gp or more for a complex vanity operation.

The PCs may think to ask Ann's neighbors if they heard any disturbances. This is a warehouse district, so Ann has few close neighbors. In any case, it is late in the evening, so the warehouse quarter is virtually abandoned. There are a few dock wallopers and warehouse workers still in the area, but most of them did not hear anything, or at least they do not remember. PCs who check the neighborhood for witnesses should go directly to encounter Area 2.

1B. Examination Room. The PCs may or may not get to this room during the first part of the adventure. A grisly scene greets any PCs who enter the examination room. Read or paraphrase the following description:

Blood spatters the walls, floor, furniture, and ceiling of this large and well-lit examination room. Much of the furniture is wrecked and broken, as if attacked by some mad and ravening beast. Several pieces of wood look chewed. The clawed and mangled body of a tall, thin, middle-aged woman sprawls on the floor. One of the woman's arms ends in a bloody stump. The mangled remnants of a human hand lie on the floor underneath a bench in the corner.

If the PCs came here directly after Autre met them, Ann's body is still warm as long as the PCs check it within a turn of entering the shop. Otherwise it has started to cool. No statistics for Ann appear in this adventure, but Ann was a 9th-level sedentary mage. A ranger with tracking or a PC with the healing non-weapon proficiency can determine the approximate time of death (about 20 minutes before the PCs first arrived at the office) with a successful proficiency check.

In addition to Ann's body, this room contains several other interesting items. Strange instruments fill the room, carefully arranged on shelves, benches, and in shallow felt-lined drawers. The examination room also contains a small stove with an intricate arrangement for providing boiling water on demand. A set of shallow drawers against one wall contains several hundred small tools, all made of fine steel: mirrors on the end of rods, strange picks, scrapers, prongs, and clamps. The tools look appropriate for a thief—or a torturer.

On a successful attempt to detect secret doors, the PCs find a paper (see Player Handout #1), which was faithfully recorded by Ann Li's *scribe* spell as she died (see the New Spells sidebar).

1C. Laboratory. The PCs might not search this room until later in the adventure, when they are searching for the reason for Longjaw's sudden rampage. The lab contains a large worktable, several *continual light* lanterns, a desk, many books, and shelves and shelves of strange materials, bottles, and pieces of arcane equipment.

The PCs should think to look for an appointment book or lab notebook to check on anyone who has had an appointment in the last few days. A search of the lab turns up Ann's notebook, which doubles as her appointment book. Give the players Player Handout #2 at this point. The book provides listings of her patients, which should motivate the PCs to visit some of them. Smart PCs should immediately start rounding up the recent patients, especially the ones treated after the purchase of the strange teeth.

Note that the lab notebook lists 11 possible victims. The adventure details encounters with only three victims: Nai (area 6), Psavis (area 7), and Etienne (area 8). The DM is free to put the players through more encounters if desired, although rounding up too many victims may get tedious. The priests at the Temple of Sails (area 4) or the Sheriff (area 5) round up the rest of the victims.

A velvet-lined set of drawers underneath the worktable contains a necklace of abnormally large, sharp teeth, and a jar of what seems to be fine white sand. The PCs can find these items with even a cursory search of the laboratory, after they read the appointment book. The teeth look human, although a little larger and sharper than normal. However, any PC with the healing proficiency can tell that the teeth have some subtle nonhuman characteristics. A tag attached to the necklace refers any casual looker to the location of the purchase (Cabar's Curiosities, receipt in the filing cabinet next to the laboratory window, bottom drawer). The receipt is dated 21 days ago (6/30). The powder is from three teeth that Ann ground up in preparation for use on her patients.

1D. Living Quarters. The living quarters are comfortably sized for two people (Ann and her apprentice) and are well-appointed and clean. These rooms contain no obvious clues to the mystery. Ann kept her spellbook here, however, and the PCs may wish to look at it.

A PC wizard who examines Ann's spellbooks notices the unusual spells. Any examination requires at least 1d4+1 turns. Ann's spellbooks contain the following spells: *cantrip, comprehend languages, detect magic, mending, mount, read magic, sleep, unseen servant; continual light, renewal, scribe, strength; hold person, item, suggestion, tongues; minor creation, Rary's mnemonic enhancer; wizard eye.*

See the New Spells sidebar for a description of *renewal* and *scribe.*

2. Black Dog Warehouse. As the PCs step outside of Ann's office, they hear a loud scream, then a series of shouts from down the street.

As Longjaw Pete ran for the docks, he passed the Black Dog Warehouse and plunged directly into a crew of warehouse workers who were busily unloading several wagons. In the confusion, Longjaw slashed at one of the workers, a 19-year-old man named Verme, giving the fellow a minor wound. In the chaos that followed, Longjaw escaped and ran toward the docks. Verme picked himself up and seemed all right. After a few moments all the laborers returned to work, grumbling about the strange disturbance. Later, Verme started to feel feverish, then fell to the ground and began foaming at the mouth.

When the PCs arrive, the laborers tell them what happened. Two laborers are now attending to their wounded comrade, restraining him as he thrashes violently from side to side, moaning feverishly. Just as the tale finishes, Verme throws off his comrades (he temporarily has a Strength score of 19) and races for the docks, red rage lighting up his eyes. If anyone gets in his way or attempts to stop him, the stress causes him to change into the wolf-man hybrid form of the seawolf. If the PCs fail to stop him, Verme becomes a lesser seawolf on the night of the full moon.

Verme (workman): AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 8 (2); THAC0 20; #AT 1, Dmg by weapon type +7 or by non-lethal combat +7; SA temporarily has S 19; S 11 (19), D 15, C 8, I 8, W 10, Ch 13; XP 65.

Verme (lesser seawolf): AL NE; AC 6 (7); MV 30, swim 12; HD 2+2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (3); Dmg 2d4 (1–2/1–2/1–4); Size M (6′); ML 11; XP 175.

3. The Harbor. The docks are a very busy place, host to a constant bustle of traffic caused by the loading and

Player Handout #2

(This information is actually scattered throughout several pages of Ann's notebook).

7/1 Nai, repaired several cavities. Charity. Waiver in cabinet. Patient reported no problems and repairs were in good shape during checkup on 7/3.

7/2 Thiek, repaired many cavities. Charity. Waiver in cabinet. Patient reported eating meat for the first time in three years during checkup on 7/6.

7/4 Dot, cavities, capped one tooth. Charity. Waiver in cabinet. Checkup on 7/7, repairs holding.

7/7 I had my doubts about using these somewhat unusual teeth, but I have conducted several tests on charity patients, and the material meets all expectations. Several of the volunteers remarked that the repairs seemed even stronger than their originals. I will begin using material from the teeth on paying customers.

7/8 Lady Jeude, two cavities. Checkup 7/11 looks normal.

7/9 Tacova, one cavity. Charity. Checkup 7/10 everything looks normal. Billed her office.

7/10 Marie, one cavity. Checkup 7/12 filling looks normal.

7/13 Couteau, one cavity. Checkup on 7/15 looked good.

7/14 Yllger, one cavity and one cap. No real complaints other than his usual carping. Checkup 7/17 normal.

7/15 Psavis Goodhand, two cavities. Teeth looked fine during checkup on 7/17.

7/18 "Le Homme," several cavities and one cap. Patient refused to schedule a checkup.

7/19 Etienne, repaired cracked tooth. Wish she'd stop getting in fights. Checkup scheduled for 7/20. Patient complained that the repair "just does not feel right," immediately after completion. Checkup 7/20 patient repeated complaints of ill-feeling. No obvious cause found, so I asked her to wait a week to see if the feeling went away.

7/21 Checkup for "Le Homme." He insisted. No fee, chalk it up to lab work.

New 2nd-Level Wizard Spells

Renewal (alteration)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: permanent
Area of Effect: 2 cubic feet/level (coarse) or 2 cubic inches/level (detail)
Saving Throw: none

Renewal is a more powerful version of the *mending* spell. Unlike *mending, renewal* actually restores a damaged item to new, "normal" condition. A torn and rusted suit of chain mail with pieces missing, for instance, that would normally be discarded or sold for scrap, could be *renewed* and then would be a new item.

There are several important limitations on the use of this spell. To begin with, the mage must have a reasonable (not perfect) idea of what the object under repair is supposed to look like. The mage must cast *mending* just prior to casting *renewal.* If this sequence is interrupted, the *renewal* does not work. The spell affects only non-living matter, and if material is missing from the item being repaired, raw materials must be present. For example, to repair a chain mail shirt with missing links, the mage would need a spool of steel wire. *Renewal* does not create anything; it merely alters things that are already present. The spell can replace as much as 5% per level of the mage of the total original volume of an object, up to a maximum of 50%. Finally, as with the *mending* spell, the "magic aura" of *renewal* fades in one turn; thereafter, the repairs cannot be dispelled.

If the mage is making fine repairs (jewelry, teeth, clockwork), *renewal* affects two cubic inches of material per caster level. For coarse repairs such as repairing a splintered wooden beam or patching a sail, the spell affects two cubic feet of material per caster level.

Scribe (conjuration/summoning)

Range: 20'
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 5 rounds/level
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: see below
Saving Throw: none

The *scribe* spell is related to the *unseen servant* spell. *Scribe* summons up a disembodied force that faithfully and accurately transcribes speech onto paper for the duration of the spell. The words are written in a neat, legible hand similar to the caster's own writing. The scribe cannot write magical script. The *scribe* normally records only the caster's words, but it can record the speech of others if directed to do so. The caster must supply paper, ink, and a pen worth at least 10 gp (not consumed). The *scribe* can record one page (about 300 words, or approximately five minutes of speech) per level of the caster. Maps are possible, but they are prone to error since the maps must be based on a verbal description.

This spell is useful when the mage needs to write something down while both hands are busy, or when he does not wish to interrupt the thought process.

unloading of ships (cargo, passenger, and fishing vessels). During the day, the cries of hawkers, sailors, and seagulls fill the air. In the evening, the docks throng with revelers and drunken sailors.

If the PCs pursue Longjaw to the docks, they should realize that they will have very little chance of finding him in the crowd. However, PCs who stop and look around for even a few moments see a disturbance at the top of one of the piers (area 3A).

3A. Docks. A dense crowd of people has gathered at the end of one of the docks. The crowd gasps and shifts position rapidly, as if terrified of something in its midst, but unwilling to move away. PCs who force their way to the front of the crowd see the following scene:

> A man dressed in fine clothing paces around the enclosed space, hunched over and frothing at the mouth. The encircling crowd lurches away from him every time he lunges toward the edge of the circle.
>
> As he staggers around the shifting crowd, the man twitches as if afflicted by some nervous disorder. His face is darkened by a fresh bruise, and blood oozes from an abrasion on his cheek. He shouts angrily at anyone who catches his eye.
>
> "What're you lookin' at? What a bunch of useless cowards! Ya turned and ran! Coulda caught him, with a little help. Bloody wanted man, he was. Idiots! Run ya all in. Disturbin' the peace! Cowards!"
>
> The man's invective grows more coarse and angry, his rude language contrasting with his noble clothes and appearance.

The man is Tand, one of Rocky Harbor's minor knights. When Longjaw ran through the crowds around the docks, Tand spotted the fugitive running through the crowd. Alarmed by the spatters of blood on Longjaw's clothing, Tand called upon the fleeing pirate to halt. Longjaw turned to face Tand. With his enhanced speed and reflexes, Longjaw quickly slashed out at Tand, wounding the knight and knocking him down before resuming his flight.

Any PC with knowledge of local history will have either met or heard of Tand—normally a quiet, polite, well-spoken fellow. His low diction, swearing, and verbal abuse are entirely out of character. The curse of the seawolf has altered his behavior dramatically.

If the PCs talk with someone in the crowd, a sailor fills them in on Longjaw's encounter with Tand. The sailor says that Tand was unconscious for about five minutes and seemed fine when he first woke up, but that he started acting weird soon after. The helpful sailor also says that Longjaw was last seen swimming toward the jetty.

If the PCs make any attempt to move or touch Tand, the knight tells them, "Get away from me, ya scurvy mangebags. There's nothin' wrong with me! Now shove off!" Tand is argumentative and fights the PCs at the least provocation. The stress of combat has a 10% chance per round of causing Tand to turn into a greater seawolf. This is a great opportunity for the PCs to use a *hold person, levitate,* or similar mercifully restraining spell.

Tand of Rocky Harbor (minor knight): AL LG; AC 6 (*armor* spell, 12 points); MV 12; F5; hp 40 (27); THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+7 (long sword) or 1d4+7 (dagger); SA temporarily has Strength 19; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons; S 17 (19), D 10, C 14, I 12, W 10, Ch 14; XP 650. Nonweapon

proficiencies: blindfighting, endurance, heraldry, riding—horse, read/write.

Tand (greater seawolf): AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, swim 27; HD 9+2; hp 56; THAC0 11; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3d4 or 1–2 and by weapon; SD hit only by silver, cold iron, or +1 or better magical weapons; Size L (12′ long); ML 14; XP 2,000.

3B. Jetty. A long thick jetty protects Rocky Harbor from the ravages of the sea. If the PCs take longer than one hour to get here from Ann's shop, Longjaw Pete has already jumped into the sea, and the PCs must catch up with him later, at the Tavern of 29 Bells (area 9). Otherwise, when the PCs get about halfway down the jetty, they see a man standing on the end of the jetty, swaying back and forth rhythmically, in time with the crashing waves.

The man is the infected pirate Longjaw Pete. He is fighting the impulse to jump into the dark embrace of the surging sea. The crashing-chaos sound of the waves ceaselessly battering the piled rocks is pure music to his suddenly more sensitive ears.

Unless the PCs make an inordinate amount of noise, they can move within 10′ of Longjaw before he notices them. He is entranced and disoriented. A very quiet PC (elf, halfling, or PC with an appropriate magic item) with thieving skills may even get close enough for a backstab (Longjaw is surprised on roll of a 1–4 on a d10, provided that the surpriser is quiet.)

Longjaw laughs maniacally at any attempts to talk him in: "If you want me, come and get me! I'll chew your ears off and stuff 'em down your throat! By Khrom, I feel great!" If combat occurs, Longjaw has a Strength of 19. The stress of combat has a 10% chance per round of causing him to change into a greater seawolf. If he changes form, Longjaw leaps into the sea to escape the PCs. He then attacks from the sea in seawolf form. He waits below the surface of the water, leaping out every 1d3+1 rounds to attack the PCs from a random direction. The cover of the ocean gives him a –4 adjustment to his AC and a 1 in d10 chance to surprise the PCs each round.

If Longjaw suffers more than 30 hp damage, he leaps off the jetty into the sea and automatically changes into a greater seawolf. The transformation heals 10% to 60% of his wounds. If he makes a morale check, Longjaw then attacks from the sea in greater seawolf form. If he fails the morale check, Longjaw swims away, heals, and comes back to haunt Rocky Harbor three days later. Alternately, if the DM wishes to ensure that the adventure plays out to its fullest, Longjaw escapes regardless of the results of his morale check.

Longjaw Pete (pirate): human male; age 30; AL N; AC 7 (10); MV 12; F7; hp 55; THAC0 14; #AT 2 or 3/2; Dmg 1d8+9 (cutlass, specialized) or 1d4+7 (dagger) or 1d4 (light crossbow); SA temporarily has S 19, additional +1/+2 with cutlass; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons; S 14 (19), D 17, C 13, I 10, W 9, Ch 17; ML 14; XP 1,400. Nonweapon proficiencies: swimming, seamanship, tightrope walking, jumping.

Longjaw Pete is a dapper-looking pirate. He does have an abnormally long jaw, with a scar on one cheek. He keeps his hair in a long mohawk and wears a golden ring in his right ear. He has dancing blue eyes and is usually rather pleasant company, if you ignore the fact that he is a pirate.

Longjaw Pete (greater seawolf): AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, swim 27; HD 9+2; hp 56; THAC0 11; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3d4 or 1–2 and by weapon; SD hit only by silver, cold iron, or +1 or better magical weapons; Size L (12′ long); ML 14; XP 2,000.

3C. Dock. Longjaw's ship, the *Moon of Dark Clouds,* is docked here. The ship is scheduled to leave late on the first night, and it will leave without Longjaw when he fails to show up. PCs who interrogate Longjaw's shipmates can learn that Longjaw has been complaining about a sore tooth for several months. The *Moon of Dark Clouds* should not be a factor in this adventure. The ship has a total crew of about 75 people.

4. The Temple of Sails. The Temple of Sails is the main temple in Rocky Harbor and is dedicated to the god of the sea. The temple also has several small shrines to other deities connected to the sea. All seafarers stop by this temple to pay homage to the god of the sea before every voyage, in hopes that the deity will watch over them. Wealthy ship-owners, ship-captains, dock-laborers, sailors, and shipwrights all come here. The Temple of Sails is located right beside the busy docks, near its clientele. It is a prominent building, one that any newcomer to Rocky Harbor is sure to notice. The temple is a bright and airy place with sweeping architecture reminiscent of wind-filled sails on a sunny sea. The priests also run a nearby lighthouse and produce a highly regarded amber ale.

The Temple of Sails is an ideal place to take the unfortunate victims of the seawolf curse. If the PCs ask an NPC about a temple, the NPC naturally suggests the Temple of Sails.

The head priest of the Temple of Sails is a half-elf named Daymon C'Mahgen, sometimes known as the "Scourge of the South" because of his fierce hatred of pirates. If the PCs explain the situation and present some sort of proof (Ann's notebook would be ideal), Daymon voluntarily organizes his temple to cure the luckless victims. After all, it's not like these people were out looking for trouble or poking around where they should not be, as adventurers do. The DM can either spend a lot of time rolling dice or just assume that the priests at the Temple of Sails eventually cure any victims that are rounded up.

If the PCs have no other civil authority, Daymon gives them a church writ, temporarily empowering the PCs to act in the name of the Temple of Sails. The writ is very limited and allows the PCs to do only what is necessary to round up the victims of the curse. The priests at the temple help find the infected citizens, leaving the PCs to find Nai, Psavis Goodhand, and Etienne. In addition, if the PCs need healing in order to complete the adventure, the Temple of Sails has enough priests that they can cast up to four *cure light wounds* spells and two *cure serious wounds* spells per day.

Daymon C'Mahgen: AL NG; AC 7; MV 12; C8; hp 50; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 17, C 11, I 12, W 17, Ch 14. Non-weapon proficiencies: animal handling, sailing, swimming, navigation, healing, language—elven, language—dolphin, read/write common, weather-sense, riding—dolphin. Spells (5/5/4/2): *cure light wounds (×2), detect evil, magic stone, protection from evil; aid, chant, water spout* (*dust devil* with water), *hold person, windblade* (like *flame blade* except the sword is of air); *call lightning, remove curse, waterbreathing, water walk; animal summoning I* (aquatic only), *control temperatures 10′ radius.*

Daymon is an 80-year-old half elf, so he still looks relatively young to human

Seawolves

For more detailed information on seawolves, refer to page 232 of the MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome.

Seawolf, Lesser: INT average; AL NE; AC 6 (7); MV 30, swim 12; HD 2+2; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (3); Dmg 2d4 (1–2/1–2/1–4); Size M (6'–7'); ML 11–12; XP 175.

Seawolf, Greater: INT low to high, AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, swim 27; HD 9+2; THAC0 11; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3d4 or 1–2 and by weapon; SD hit only by silver, cold iron, or +1 or better magical weapons; Size L (12'–15' long) or M; ML 13–14; XP 2,000.

Seawolves appear to be a mixture of seal and wolf. The lesser seawolf has a hybrid form of a wolf-man, with the statistics given in parentheses. A seawolf breathes air and can remain submerged for 1d8+16 minutes. Thereafter, it suffers 1d6 hp damage per round that it remains underwater. Dead seawolves return to human form in one round, unless they are true lycanthropes, in which case they remain in seawolf form when they die.

During "the change," the period when the person is beginning to be affected by the curse, lycanthropes temporarily gain Strength 19. Because of their great strength, any lycanthrope in the throes of "the change" cannot be held by a *web* spell; they simply rip through the sticky strands. When a lycanthrope reverts back to human form at the end of a fit, it cures 10%–60% of any damage suffered while in monstrous form. Lycanthropes change (no choice) on the nights before, after, and of the full moon.

People infected with seawolf lycanthropy become twisted, evil reflections of their former selves. The victims' personalities remain essentially the same, but with all bad habits and traits magnified. For instance, a person who was formerly a bit bad-tempered and surly upon waking might become completely homicidal in the morning.

To cure lycanthropy, one must cast *remove curse* on the lycanthrope, on holy ground, on a night when the change occurs. The victim may save vs. polymorph. If the saving throw is successful, the person is cured.

This adventure uses several modifications and twists on the basic lycanthropy rules. These changes do not impact a novice player at all, but they might serve to shake up an experienced player a bit. The changes are as follows:

- A true lycanthrope (one that did not become a lycanthrope through infection) remains in its lycanthropic form when it dies.
- A person newly infected with seawolf lycanthropy does not change 1d4+1 days after being infected, but instead changes at the next full moon.
- Anyone who actually incorporates bodily material from a lycanthrope (blood, teeth, etc.) must save vs. magic or become infected with lycanthropy, in addition to the 1% chance of becoming infected per hp damage suffered.
- During the days of the full moon, the onset of lycanthropy is extremely rapid (minutes or hours).

eyes. He was just a wee nipper when the "Wolf of the Sea" was killed (see area 12 for a full rendition of the tale), but he vaguely remembers the event and the excitement it caused. If Daymon sees the necklace from Ann's lab (area 1C), he suggests asking Captain Rae about it.

5. The Sheriff's Office. If the PCs do not go to the Temple of Sails for help rounding up the victims, they may ask about the Sheriff or Town Watch. In either case, they are directed here. Sheriff Luap and his fellow guardsmen are glad to help once the PCs explain what is going on and show them some proof (like Ann's notebook). The Sheriff and his people offer to take care of rounding up some of the victims, leaving the PCs to gather in Nai, Psavis Goodhand, and Etienne.

Sheriff Luap: AL NG; AC 5; MV 12; F5; hp 34; THAC0 16; #AT 1, Dmg 1d8+1 (long sword), 1d6+1 (club), 1d4 (light crossbow), or 1d4+1 (dagger).

Luap is a gruff man of 38 years, with a no-nonsense attitude. He is the sort of fellow who does what he has to do.

6. Nai's Abode. The first person on Ann's list of patients, Nai, is a young woman who works as a seamstress. Her fees are negotiable. She has a flat in a very rough part of town.

> As you approach the flat, you hear the sound of pottery breaking and a woman screaming, "You worthless maggot!" Moments later, a shoeless, shirtless man flees into the street, trying to pull his pants up as he runs. A heavy chamberpot sails out into the street after him, laying him low with an audible impact.

Nai's unfortunate victim, Coriac (0-level human male, age 23), recovers from Nai's chamberpot attack within a single round. He doesn't know what set her off; he just realized that it was a good idea to leave fast. Nai was using her seamstress skills on Coriac's pants when she erupted.

Nai (seamstress): AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+7 (dagger); SA temporarily has Strength 19; S 11 (19), D 15, I 11, W 10, Ch 12; XP 65. The stress of combat of any sort has a 20% chance per round of causing Nai to transform into a lesser seawolf.

Nai is a hot-tempered young (18 years) woman at the best of times, and the curse is not making her any sweeter. The PCs cannot reason with her, so they must subdue her. Should she escape, she becomes a lesser seawolf with the full moon.

Nai (lesser seawolf): AL NE; AC 6 (7); MV 30, swim 12; HD 2+2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (3); Dmg 2d4 (1–2/1–2/1–4); SZ M; ML 12; XP 175.

7. Master Carver Goodhand. Master carver Psavis is feeling the effects of the curse even now. Earlier this afternoon, Psavis went down to the dockside taverns and got rip-roaring drunk. Psavis is currently in his woodshop (behind his house) shouting at one of his apprentices. Even from the street, the PCs can hear shouts and the sound of things being thrown and breaking.

> "Clumsy oaf! I oughta tan your hide, you useless whelp of a diseased cur! I'll make you rue the day your father first kissed your mother!"

If the PCs stop at the house and talk with Mistress Goodhand (Psavis's wife) before going to the woodshop, they find her tearfully picking up the remains of an antique porcelain teapot that belonged to her great-grandmother. Psavis broke it in one of his recent rampages. A PC mage who uses *mending* or *renewal* to repair the teapot for her should get a 100 XP bonus. Mistress

Goodhand offers assurances that Psavis is normally calm and gentle; he runs a good clean shop, has a seat on the local council of merchants, and is a respected member of the community. Mistress Goodhand is very upset about her husband's behavior, and she is worried for his safety.

If the PCs go out to the woodshop to confront him, Psavis belligerently denies that anything is wrong with him.

> "I am an important man in this community, and there's nothing wrong with me other than a little hangover, which would be fine if my blasted wife would ever shut her blasted trap and quite her flaming nagging! Honest man can't even go and have a little fun in a tavern but what folk are threatening' him. Now push off before I have you run out of town."

If there is any violent confrontation, the stress causes Psavis temporarily to gain Strength 19. However, Psavis does not change into a seawolf until the night of the full moon. If the PCs speak calmly and soothingly and play up to his ego, they may be able to convince Psavis to go to the Temple of Sails, "just for a checkup." The DM may simply make a decision based on how well the players role-play through the situation, or the DM may make a reaction check modified by any PC Charisma reaction bonuses. If the reaction check succeeds, Psavis goes quietly with the PCs. Otherwise, he fights.

Master Carver Psavis Goodhand: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 1, Dmg 1d6+7 (club) or 1d4+7 (dagger); SA temporarily has Strength 19; S 12 (19), D 16, C 11, I 12, W 10, Ch 11; XP 175. Non-weapon proficiencies: artistic ability, wood-carving, carpentry.

Psavis (lesser seawolf): AL NE; AC 6 (7); MV 30, swim 12; HD 2+2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (3); Dmg 2d4 (1–2/1–2/1–4); Size M (7′); ML 11; XP 175.

8. Etienne's Soup Kitchen. The PCs can easily find someone who can direct them to the home of Etienne, a soup-kitchen down by the docks. If they ask for Etienne, a tough-looking young woman with a face like a bulldog chewing a wasp steps forward and identifies herself as Etienne, owner and operator of the soup-kitchen.

Etienne is a Paladin, and although she is not immune to lycanthropy, she is more resistant to it than the average person. If the PCs are civil to Etienne, she reports that her teeth (specifically, the ones Ann repaired) have been hurting ever since the office visit. But she is exhibiting no other symptoms. Etienne accompanies the PCs to the Temple of Sails if they present some sort of identification and explain the situation. Otherwise she can seem quite surly and gruff. The PCs must wait 10 minutes while Etienne arranges for someone to take care of her two small children.

PCs who attempt to grab Etienne and haul her off with no explanation have a hard job of it. The locals are fiercely proud of Etienne and all that she has done here in the poor section of town, and they take the opportunity to protect her as she has so often done for them in the past. A mob of 20 fisherfolk moves to block any man-handling of Etienne.

Etienne: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; Paladin 2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (gaff-hook), 1d6 (fishing spear), 1d4 (dagger); S 13; D 14, C 14, I 10, W 13, Ch 17; SA *detect evil,* lay on hands, *cure disease*; SD immune to disease, +2 on all saves, *protection from evil* aura. Non-weapon proficiencies: fishing, seamanship, blindfighting, local history, cooking. Special equipment: net.

Etienne is not a Paladin of shiny armor and flashing sword. She is a Paladin born of the streets, with the scars, rough tongue, and hard knocks of 21 years to prove it. Despite her harsh upbringing, Etienne has a heart of gold and has always been the champion of the poor and the weak.

People in mob (20): AL any N or G; AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 7 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1, Dmg 1d6 (short sword or club), XP none (PCs should not get XP for fighting the mob). The DM should review the rules on overbearing and grappling if the players are prone to strong-arm tactics.

9. Tavern of 29 Bells. The Tavern of 29 Bells is a seedy sailor's tavern; anyone who has not visited this place cannot believe that a tavern could sink so low. This is where the PCs can confront Longjaw Pete, if they do not get him at the end of the jetty. On the third day after his leap off the jetty, Longjaw returns to this tavern, along with some gold and silver he recovered from a shipwreck while in seawolf form. Give the PCs a local history check each day to hear rumors of Longjaw's return. If successful, the PCs hear that a man claiming to be Longjaw Pete is making a nuisance of himself down at the Tavern of 29 Bells.

It is strongly suggested that the DM maintain the three-day gap between the first set of encounters and the showdown with Longjaw Pete. In all probability, the PCs will be wounded after the first two. The three-day gap gives them time to rest, heal, and regain spells for the fight with Longjaw. The priests at the Temple of Sails also need some time to recuperate and regain spells. Intelligent players may guess that Longjaw will return to his favorite haunt, in which case they can use the three days to set up an ambush.

The owner of the Tavern of 29 Bells is a shabby old man named Edmund, who can confirm Cabar's statement (see Area 10) that Longjaw Pete frequents this place. Edmund also knew Ann, because Ann used to come here often to buy teeth.

Normally, the regulars at the Tavern of 29 Bells like Longjaw, since he can be quite benevolent and generous when he is not out pirating. Assuming that the PCs are not waiting for Longjaw when he shows up at the Tavern of 29 Bells, by the time the PCs get there, the regulars are cowering in the corner to get away from Longjaw. Longjaw is being very aggressive and nasty, loudly describing the gory murder of Ann as an example of what happens to those who cross him. He also seems to have picked up a harsh braying laugh from somewhere. Longjaw is drinking heavily, although it is having little effect. Longjaw is also holding a very frightened-looking young woman of dubious background on his knee as he rollicks and roars.

If the PCs fight Longjaw in the Tavern of 29 Bells, he uses the young woman as cover, maneuvering her around like a human shield. His strength is such that he can fling her around with impunity. The young woman (Elsie, 0-level human, hp 3) is absolutely paralyzed with fright. Longjaw shouts at the regulars to help him kill the PCs, but they do not join the fight. They cower behind tables and chairs. Again, if Longjaw suffers more than 40 hp damage, he attempts to jump into the sea and escape. The PCs may be able to use a spell to capture Longjaw, in which case he could be cured of the curse.

If the PCs fail to capture all of the infected victims by the night of the full moon, most of the victims murder someone they love, a friend, or an acquaintance. Their longing for the sea becomes so great that they rush to the harbor and throw themselves in. The new lycanthropes then spend their time partying loudly in seamy dockside bars, like the Tavern of 29 Bells, during the day and swimming in the waters of the harbor at night. Longjaw Pete becomes the natural leader of the new gang of seawolves.

10. Cabar's Curiosities. Cabar's Curiosities is a small, crowded shop nestled among the various repair slips, tackle shops, and seedy taverns built near Rocky Harbor's many piers. The shop sells oddities such as shark teeth, strange spices from remote islands, glass fishing floats, deer antlers, beads, incense, used instruments, semi-precious stones, sea shells, and a thousand other pieces of exotic junk. The shop is a regular haunt of mages looking for that certain something for their spells. Cabar and his wife, Feidh, have a well-deserved reputation among Rocky Harbor's small circle of mages as people who can find things. The shop is also regularly visited by sailors who are a little short on cash, but who have "a most interesting item—no questions, please."

Cabar sometimes sells things of questionable legality to some of his best customers, although most of his goods are legal and above-board. Cabar has a standing agreement with Baron William of Rocky Harbor that, if anything really wicked shows up (evil cult items), he will notify the authorities.

Cabar: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; T5; hp 19; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword) or 1d4 (silver dagger); S 10, D 14, C 9, I 14, W 14, Ch 11; SA backstab ×3; PP 30%; OL 62%; FRT 30%; MS 30%; HIS 21%; HN 40%; CW 85%; RL 40%. Nonweapon proficiencies: read/write, appraising, forgery.

Cabar is a mostly honest, 47-year-old man who uses his thieving skills for good purposes. The authorities often consult with him to evaluate and appraise stolen goods, as well as to advise them in forgery cases, so it is possible that one of the PCs already knows Cabar.

If questioned and presented with proof that the PCs are authorities or are acting on behalf of the authorities, Cabar confirms that he sold the teeth to Ann. Cabar tells the PCs that he bought the teeth from a local tough named Teon, who sold him things from time to time. Cabar can provide directions to Teon's flat. Cabar candidly admits that if he had been aware that the impressive orthodontia were the teeth of a lycanthrope, he would have charged significantly more for them.

Feidh: AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; M3; hp 7; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type or spell; S 7; D 16; C 12; I 14; W 10; Ch 13; Nonweapon proficiencies: gem cutting, read/write, musical instrument—cittern, singing. Spells (2/1): *Nystul's magic aura, unseen servant; hypnotic pattern.*

A woman of 37 years, Feidh has a strong interest in ecology and nature. She often spends time out in the country with several druid acquaintances. Feidh has a large owl named "Spot" for a familiar. Feidh is Cabar's wife and was Ann's friend. She knows that Ann was "experimenting with those new teeth" and that "the teeth appeared to have some unusual properties."

The DM can use Cabar and Feidh as mouthpieces if necessary, to prod or provide hints to the PCs if the players become bogged down or are inexperienced. For instance, if the PCs track down Cabar and Feidh and tell them what happened, Feidh can inform them that Ann occasionally listed customers by false names in her appointment book. This clue should make the players go look for the appointment book, if the PCs have not found it already. Feidh knows that "Le Homme" is really Longjaw Pete the infamous pirate, because Ann bragged about having treated him. Cabar knows that Longjaw likes to hang out at the Tavern of 29 Bells (area 9) when he is in port, as do many sailors of less than honest background.

11. The Hood. Teon lives in Rocky Harbor's seamy red-light district, above a shop of dubious benefit to the community. Teon's cramped and stinking flat is actually quite near Nai's flat, so the PCs may recognize the neighborhood. If the PCs follow the directions provided by Cabar (area 10), they can find the place easily. Teon is usually gone all night, returning to his flat only in the morning, to sleep the day away. Teon is always accompanied by his criminal friends (see below). The DM has the option to make it much harder to find and corner Teon. For example, Teon could run for it across the rooftops,

leading the PCs on a dangerous game of follow-the-leader. Or, he could have become infected with seawolf lycanthropy himself.

Teon: AL CN; AC 7 (studded leather); MV 12; T3; hp 13; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); S 9, D 13, C 10, I 10, W 6, Ch 14; SA backstab –2, thief abilities PP 40%, OL 22%, FRT 30%, MS 40%, HIS 31%, HN 20%, CW 85%, RL 0%; ML 10; XP 120. Nonweapon proficiencies: appraisal, jumping.

Teon's dominant personality trait is laziness. This wanton youth has never worked an honest day's labor in his life, and he is even too lazy to learn useful skills. He even talks lazily.

Teon is a small-time burglar and cutpurse. He has at least three warrants out for his arrest, although there is no reward—he is strictly small fry. Teon did not sell all of the teeth. He kept the most wickedly curved and pointy ones and put them on a necklace, seeking to enhance his tough-guy image.

Hamee and **Eral** (Teon's friends): AL N; AC 7 (studded leather); MV 12; T2; hp 9 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d6 (club); SA backstab –2, thief abilities PP 30%, OL 25%, FRT 20%, MS 15%, HIS 10%, HN 10%, CW 85,% RL 0%; ML 10; XP 65 each.

Dylan and **Valo** (Teon's friends): AL N; AC 7 (studded leather); MV 12; F2, F3; hp 12, 16; THAC0 19, 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d6 (club); XP 65, 120.

Dylan is the leader of the gang, although Teon often has delusions of grandeur and thinks that he is in charge. Dylan only puts up with Teon because he makes a good decoy. Dylan has the gang fight to protect Teon if there are five or fewer PCs. Otherwise, Dylan cuts Teon loose and Teon has to deal with the PCs on his own.

After finding Teon, the PCs must get him to tell them where he got the teeth. Without some sort of intimidation, Teon's only reply will be "get outta my face, pigdog." If the PCs present police credentials, Teon runs for it. If the PCs try to intimidate Teon into spilling his guts, roll a morale check, adjusting for any Charisma bonuses of the PC doing the intimidation. If the morale check fails, Teon cracks and reveals that he stole the teeth from his Aunt Rae. Otherwise, he remains defiant. Award double XP for capturing and arresting Teon (because he is guilty of theft).

If Teon spills the story, read or paraphrase the following information:

> "Yeah, I went over to the old cow's house and asked for some money. Everybody knows the old biddy is loaded. She wouldn't give me no money though. Said I'd just waste it.
>
> The old cow hates me, just cause I don't kiss up to her like everybody else, that's why. I decided to teach her a lesson, so I waited 'til she went out fishing. No good running into the old walrus. She might have a fit and croak and then I'd get blamed for it. I took some stuff out of the attic, including those teeth. She never goes up there no more anyway. She never gave me nothin', and she's always givin' stuff to other relatives. I looked for some money, but the old cow must've hidden it pretty good.
>
> "Cool teeth, yeah? She used to go on and on about them all the time when she got into her cups, but I never listened to that junk. Bet she makes half of it up. Boring old biddy."

12. Captain Rae's House. Captain Rae lives in a small, well-maintained white brick house with a tidy flower garden, on the outskirts of the fisherfolk quarter where she grew up. Captain Rae is quite obstreperous until presented with identification.

Captain Rae: AL N; AC 10; MV 6; F8; hp 20; THAC0 15; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 8, C 9, I 12, W 15, Ch 16. Weapons: longbow, cutlass (specialized), short sword, harpoon, net, sword-cane. Nonweapon proficiencies: ancient history—mariner's tales, endurance, read/write, navigation, swimming, fishing (net), fishing (line), seamanship, weather sense.

Rae wears spectacles (300 gp) and uses a sword-cane to walk. At 93 years, Rae is wrinkled, old, and stout, but still vital and energetic. Since her retirement, Captain Rae has spent much of her time collecting all sorts of sea-lore.

Captain Rae verifies that she is Teon's great-great aunt and that Teon came by asking for a handout. She refused to give him one, of course, since he was just going to squander the money. Rae despises her wastrel nephew.

Captain Rae was a strong young woman when she helped her friends kill the "Wolf of the Sea." She remembers the event quite well. Indeed, the event was part of what inspired her to reach such great heights. Captain Rae served in the Aquilean Navy and rose to the rank of Captain in command of the naval cutter *Eye of the Storm* before retiring. Rae is a merry and entertaining woman, as long as the PCs remember to address her as "Captain." She especially objects to disrespectful non-military types with long hair, and she dislikes violence (as she feels that she is too old for that nonsense now). But Rae's cold blue-eyed stare can stop a charging bull dead in its tracks.

If the PCs are properly respectful and seem interested in hearing about the Wolf of the Sea, Captain Rae invites them in for tea and biscuits, then tells the story (below). Remember that the tale is more likely to be a conversation between Rae and the PCs.

> "The horror occurred seventy-five years ago, maybe a mere eyeblink to an elf, but much longer for someone like me. We'd all heard about the vicious murders around the harbor and docks. The few who'd seen the attacks and lived to tell about them spoke of a vicious seal-wolf beast.
>
> "Eventually, all the fisherfolk got together and put a price on the beast's head. Josef, Kuret, and I set out in a fishing boat to do away with the menace. It wasn't for the bounty, though. The creature had slain friends of ours, and we meant to put an end to it.
>
> "Dragging a hunk of raw mutton as bait, we fished for the monster. Sure enough, it came right after us. It battered our little boat, nearly holing it. As it was, we were taking on water before we ever got a good look at what we were facing.
>
> "Then the thing rushed up out of the water, landing right among us! It was huge, with powerful man-like muscles under that sleek coat. It had the head and gnashing jaws of a wolf, and its claws were like long, curved knives.
>
> "We knew we were in trouble, and we fought for our lives. I had brought my great-grandfather's heirloom harpoon, which had once been *blessed* by the head priest at the Temple of Sails. I prayed to the god of the sea and threw the harpoon with all my might. My prayer must have been heard, because the harpoon struck true, plunging deep into the sea-beast's chest, forcing it back over the side of the boat. Josef, the strongest of us, hauled the line, while Kuret

and I handled the boat. The seawolf fought us for hours, but we kept ahead of it, and eventually it died.

"We towed the dead seawolf in to the docks, barely making it to shore with all the damage to our boat. They gave us a heroes's welcome: a huge feast, a big reward, and a commendation from Baroness Fiere of Rocky Harbor herself. They set up the monster's body at the top of Rocky Harbor's main dock.

"There was plenty of celebrating, and Josef got pretty drunk. After telling the story of our battle a few times, he went up to the seawolf's body and knocked out its teeth, stringing them on a necklace to keep as a souvenir of the ferocious battle. When Josef died about sixty years ago, his family gave the teeth to me. I displayed them for a while, but they reminded me too much of Josef and how young he'd died—such a waste! Eventually I stowed them away in a locked sea chest, where I thought they'd remained until this very day."

The harpoon mentioned in Rae's tale was actually a *harpoon +1,* although she did not know it at the time of the battle. In her later years, as she became wiser to the ways of the world, she began to suspect that the weapon was magical. The harpoon became magical when it was *blessed* by the head priest at the Temple of Sails, one of those rare spontaneous deific gifts of a permanent item. It is also worth noting that the huge seawolf mentioned in the tale was actually a true lycanthrope. As such, it did not revert to human form when it died.

Rae's *harpoon +1* still hangs above her mantelpiece, a place of honor for this treasured heirloom. A *detect magic* reveals the weapon's faint magical aura. If the PCs do things a bit out-of-order, they may come to see Captain Rae before rounding up all the victims. If the PCs have no magical weapons or few magical weapons, they may ask to borrow the harpoon. Captain Rae lets a PC who is a sheriff or military officer borrow the harpoon. The harpoon causes damage as a spear in hand-to-hand combat.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs successfully round up all the victims of the curse, Baron William of Rocky Harbor expresses gratitude and presents each PC with a certificate of commendation for their community service. The letter of commendation should open quite a few social doors for the PCs.

Furthermore, a baron in a neighboring port has posted a bounty of 500 gp for Longjaw's capture, or a 250 gp reward for evidence of his death. If they ask, the PCs are allowed to take the captive or dead Longjaw to collect their reward from the baron.

If the PCs rescue Tand, he offers them the deed to a fishing boat that he owns. The fishing boat provides a monthly income of 8 gp, after accounting for operating expenses. Tand also offers to join the PCs on an adventure at some time in the future, should the PCs require his services.

The PCs should receive a 250 XP bonus for each victim that they save and cure. If the PCs manage to capture Longjaw (relatively) unharmed and bring him to justice, they should receive double the XP that they would get for killing him. The DM may also wish to award role-playing XP (no more than 5,000 XP, split among all the PCs) for tracking the teeth all the way back to their point of origin with Captain Rae.

If the adventure is used as a solo adventure and is completed by a lone PC, the Crown, through Baron William, appoints the PC to be a minor knight or sheriff of a small shire elsewhere in the archipelago. Of course, that shire is a hotbed of trouble, spooky happenings, and rebellion. If the PC was already a sheriff or minor knight, successfully completing this adventure raises him to major knight status. Players usually focus on the benefits and rewards of such a status. As a DM, it is your duty to remind them that Knighthood is fraught with responsibility as well.

If the PCs take care of Myles, and the young apprentice recovers from his shock, he re-opens the shop in a few months—under the supervision of an older mage from the guild, of course. Myles prudently includes some silver powder in all of his tooth repairs.

Just in case. Ω

AD&D® game. Since these rules are optional and I don't use them, I would prefer to see DUNGEON Adventures stick to the fundamental 2nd Edition format.

Also, does TSR give readers permission to photocopy such pages as maps and player handouts for ease of reference when playing their game? I doubt that anyone could realistically stop this from happening, but I would like an ethical ruling at least.

I'm sure that you will at least consider my suggestions, and I appreciate that very much. I have to say that DUNGEON Adventures is by far my favorite TSR publication (with the possible exception of my trusty *Player's Handbook*!), and I truly believe it is because you are so open to consumer response. Thank you very much for your wonderful work, and that goes for the contributors as well as the magazine staff. You're doing a great job.

McRey B. Moyer
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We have no plans to change our format from the regular AD&D game standard, and if we use PLAYERS OPTION or other optional rules in upcoming adventures, we'll almost certainly use the same device as in Steve Loken's "Tulips of the Silver Moon" (in issue #55), setting optional rules aside in screened boxes. Likewise, adventures set in unique worlds like the PLANESCAPE and BIRTHRIGHT settings (and we have excellent adventures for both on the way) will include more tips on converting them to other settings.

As for photocopying pages from any issue, we must include a legal statment on the pages in question in order for you to reproduce them for easy reference (many shops insist on seeing such statements of permission before they will make copies for you). Check out the player handouts in "Challenge of Champions" for an example of this.

Under Cover

In my opinion, you shouldn't use cover art, no matter how excellent, which illustrates a major monster occurring in a scenario. Players will make the connection between the cover art and the contents, which spoils their enjoyment of the game and make the DM's job of surprising them impossible. Can't the DM keep the magazine hidden? Only if it's sold only by subscription. There will be a dozen or so on the shelves of my local gaming store next week, literally giving the game away.

The same goes for the blurb beneath the module titles on the contents page. Players may pick up a copy and peruse the Table of Contents. With my own article, the entire scenario runs on the premise that the adventurers are in no way expecting to encounter a dragon. The wording under the listing on page 2 reads: "Don't mistake this wily dragon for a bookwyrm . . ." No one has read or played the module at this point, but they'll know immediately what (broadly speaking) to expect. A less glaring disclosure, the module title on page 8, while it doesn't identify the monster responsible, does suggest to the reader that Ocras the wizard is probably dead: "Ocras and the Killer Wile."

I've not read any of the other scenarios yet, but glancing here ar the contents page again, I can easily surmise the probable challenges faced in "A Watery Death" ("There's no place like home for a summoned water elemental") and "The Land of Men with Tails" ("Explore the Dark Continent, meet strange new people, and let them have you for dinner . . .").

I'm reminded that many modules I've written in my old-fashioned way began with an Adventure Background section which, in theory, could be read equally by a player or a DM without causing harm. The "For the Dungeon Master" section is the cut-off point where players have to stop reading. (Otherwise, why label it as such?) I think you should continue the custom of past issues and print the magazine cover and the Contents section with the assumption that players may have access to them, therefore leaving out any sensitive information at those points.

Otherwise, the magazine looks good. I'm a little worried about the "Top Three" modules thingy. (I'll be irate if I'm not number one all the time! Grrr!)

Willie Walsh
Dublin, Ireland

Some good points, Willie! We're interested to know how many other DMs have this problem with inquisitive players. Ω

THANKS TO OUR PLAYTESTERS FOR THIS ISSUE:

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Dennis Hart
Glen McIntyre
Adam McIntyre
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Dorothy Morris

A BAD BATCH OF BROWNIES

BY LISA SMEDMAN

One bad apple

Artwork by Tony DiTerlizzi

Lisa is a professional freelance game designer whose design work for TSR includes modules in both the DARK SUN® and RAVENLOFT® worlds. She also writes fantasy and science fiction and is currently working on a novel set in the Shadowrun *universe.*

Lisa has a fondness for playing—and writing about—small, mischievous characters. She especially likes brownies, both the home-baked variety and the half-baked kind featured here.

"A Bad Batch of Brownies" is an AD&D® adventure for a single druid PC of levels 1–3. The adventure is comic in flavor, but it can serve as a useful starting point for a druid-based campaign. It is designed to introduce a beginning druid—an "initiate"—to his duties as a protector and guardian of nature. If all goes well, the druid will wind up with a wilderness area that can serve as a home base for many years to come. Unfortunately, this forest is a mess; sorting it out won't be easy.

With slight modifications (by deleting the druid's instructions to the initiate), this adventure may also be played with a single, low-level PC of any class, or with a small group (two to three) of 1st-level PCs. These non-druidic PCs should be accompanied by a 1st-level druid NPC who has been assigned to the forest. (The DM must create this NPC in advance.) The adventure begins when they stop for the night at the inn owned by the Paridisio family.

Even though it is a low-level adventure, "A Bad Batch of Brownies" contains several powerful opponents, some of them with magical or poisonous attack forms. The solution lies not in fighting these opponents, but in using problem-solving and negotiating skills to "defeat" them. The PC who slashes first and asks questions later will find only death—and other indignities—in Apple Wood.

Starting the Adventure

Before beginning this adventure, the DM might like to create a medium-to-high-level druid PC to serve as a mentor for the initiate. Alternatively, the DM might prefer to alter or customize the NPC given below to suit a particular campaign. It is this druid who gives the PC his first major task; custodianship of the forest known as Apple Wood.

Olivian Quickwood: AL NG; AC 7; MV 12; D8; HD 8; hp 41; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff) or 1d4 (sling); SA spells; S 12, D 17, C 13, I 16, W 15, Ch 15; SD spells; MR immune to *charm* spells cast by woodland creatures; SZ M; ML elite.

Spells: *create water, detect snares and pits, entangle, invisibility to animals, locate animals or plants; barkskin, goodberry, obscurement, slow poison; plant growth, tree, water walk; control temperature 10' radius, hold plant.*

Olivian is in his mid-50s. His gray hair is thinning, but his eyebrows are immensely bushy and give him a perpetual frown. He wears simple gray robes and plain leather sandals, and he carries a heavy oaken staff, the knots of which have been carved in the shapes of animal eyes. This magical staff has the same properties as a *rod of alertness*.

Olivian is quick, excitable, and perpetually in motion. He believes passionately in always setting something aside "for the difficult times" but often forgets where he has put things. Despite his perpetual frown and the fact that he is constantly being distracted and doesn't seem to be paying attention, he has a keen mind and a genuine compassion for the initiates under his guidance.

Olivian can identify plants, animals and pure water with perfect accuracy, and he can pass through overgrown areas at a normal movement rate without leaving a trail. He is fluent in elvish and gnomish, and he also speaks the languages of centaurs, fauns, treants, and dryads.

The adventure begins when the initiate is called before the druid, who makes the following speech:

> "Initiate, the time has come for you to take on the sacred trust of our order—the stewardship of the earth and its creatures. The wilderness that is to be placed under your protection lies a few days' journey from here and is known as Apple Wood. It lies just beyond a guest house operated by the Paradisio family. They are good folk and can assist you with any minor needs you might have.
>
> "You are to travel to this forest and ensure that the plants that form its living tapestry and the creatures who inhabit it are living in harmony with one another. Should the balance of nature be upset in any way, you are to put it right.
>
> "The forest is home to a number of mistletoe plants, which grow profusely on its apple trees. Tend these plants well, for mistletoe is sacred to our order.
>
> "In ten days' time, I shall pay a visit to Apple Wood to make certain that you are fulfilling your duties. When I arrive, I expect to find all in order. If I do not . . . well, we can discuss that later."

Olivian tells the initiate that the task should be an easy one. Apple Wood is a tranquil place—tending it should be a good assignment for a low-level initiate. If questioned, the druid can tell a little of the history of the forest. (The DM should paraphrase the **Apple Wood** section.)

Traveling to Apple Wood involves a journey of five days along little-used roads. Olivian gives the initiate adequate provisions for the journey, plus up to 35 gp worth of non-magical equipment. In addition, the druid provides the initiate with eight berries that have been treated with the *goodberry* spell. Each restores 1 hp when eaten. They remain edible for nine days.

The journey should be a safe one; the PC shouldn't lose any hit points. But that doesn't mean it has to be without incident—or humor. The DM can liven it up with one or more of the following encounters:

- A normal skunk that climbs into the initiate's bedroll one night.

- A pair of nesting ravens that pursue the initiate for several miles, making threatening swoops and dropping stones on the PC (but never actually attacking or causing damage).

- A rainstorm that washes out a foot bridge. If the initiate tries to wade the stream instead of waiting 24 hours for the water to recede, he must make four separate Dexterity checks to cross successfully. Failure means a tumble into the stream. Fortunately, the only adverse effect is a good soaking—and the loss of one or more pieces of equipment. The DM should roll 1d4 to see how many pieces of equipment are lost, then roll 1d100 and consult the chart below to determine what is lost:

Roll 1d100

1–80%	food or mundane equipment
81–95	weapon
96–00	magical item or a *goodberry*

Apple Wood

The sprawling forest that today is known as Apple Wood was once a carefully tended orchard of several dozen acres. It was abandoned nearly six decades ago, when a sudden infestation of two-headed purple caterpillars wiped out an entire year's crop. Some say the insects were the revenge of a traveling wizard who had been pelted with rotten apples by loutish fruit pickers. Others say the peculiar insects were not of this world—that they entered the orchard from another plane of existence through a magical portal that lies somewhere near the heart of the wood.

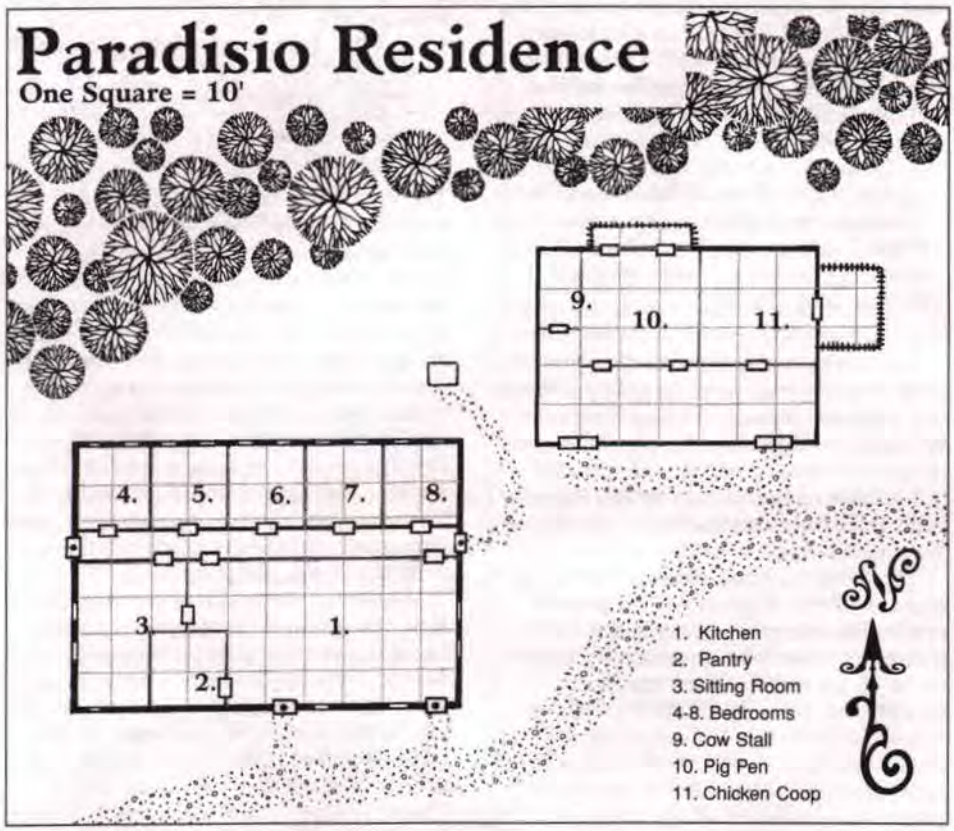
Whatever the origin of the infestation, the orchard became a wilderness. In time, the caterpillars disappeared. Many of the apple trees recovered; today they produce large red apples of a wonderful texture and sweetness. But the orchard as a whole is a wild tangle of ferns, briars, and deciduous trees. The only clue that it was once tended land lies in its name: Apple Wood.

A dusty, potholed road skirts the edge of this forest. The road is little more than a wagon track, connecting two minor towns. At the midpoint of this route, at a spot where the road brushes against the forest, the Paradisio family have set up a wayhouse for travelers.

The building is a combination of inn and farm. The farmhouse kitchen serves as a homey tavern, while the six Paradisio children vacate their bedrooms so that visitors may spend the night. Some of the beds are on the small side, but they are quite comfortable. The family keeps a cow, some chickens, and a few pigs. They make ample use of the forest's "wild" apples, which Mama Paradisio bakes into delicious pies. Travelers say that her pastry alone is worth the 5 sp price of dinner and a night's lodging.

The Pitter-Patter of Little Pilferers

The DM should arrange for the initiate to arrive at the Paradisio guest house just as night falls. If the PC needs an incentive to spend the night indoors, the DM can arrange a chilling rainstorm that soaks the initiate to the



skin. Another incentive is the smell of Mama Paradisio's baking; she has just taken a fresh pie from the oven, and the smell is truly mouth-watering. (Unscrupulous DMs might tempt the *player* with an actual slice of apple pie!)

The Paradisios are a noisy, boisterous bunch. Thanks to Mama Paradisio's cooking, they're all slightly overweight. Mama has rosy red cheeks and is almost always wearing a flour-smudged apron, while Papa has a thick black moustache and likes to belt out opera tunes while he's working at his chores. The children include Lorenzo, age 18; Eva, age 16; Patricio, age 15; Valencia, age 12; Pietro, age 10; Lucinda, age eight; and Donatello, age four.

The Paradisios welcome the initiate into their home, offering a hearty supper, a soft bed and a noisy barrage of questions, for the initiate is currently the only guest. The children constantly appear underfoot, playing tag, stealing each other's toys, and wreaking havoc. The DM should play up the physical comedy—the children should always be crashing into the visitor (or leaving their toys underfoot for the PC to trip over). As a result, someone might even wind up with a pie in the face.

During dinner, Papa Paradisio asks the PC to help the family solve a problem that has been plaguing them recently. He offers free food and lodging in return.

> "It's like this," Papa Paradisio says. "Over the past two weeks we've been troubled by a rash of disappearances. Odd things, like pot lids, sewing needles, inkwells, jugs of beer, and plant pots.
>
> "We didn't mind so much at first, because whoever took these things was at heart an honest person. There would always be some small favor done in return for what was taken—the shirts were mended, the silverware polished, or the floors swept and scrubbed.
>
> "But now our livestock is going missing—and that's something we just can't afford. In the past week alone, six pigs vanished, and the hatchling chickens are also starting to disappear. And all this despite the fact that the door to the barn is always locked at night and remains locked in the morning.
>
> "Patricio tried lying in wait for the thief last night, but he must have fallen asleep on his feet. When he came to, he was deep in the woods. And here we thought he had grown out of his sleepwalking.
>
> "You're a person who's traveled about and who knows a thing or two. You'll solve our problem for us."

The Paradisios won't take no for an answer. They are in awe of the initiate's magical abilities (however minor these might be) and insist on the PC's help.

The logical solution is for the PC to watch through the night from a hidden location to see if the thief returns. If asked, Papa Paradisio and Lorenzo agree to take part in this vigil.

Paradisio Family Members (9): AL NG; AC 9; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 (adults and teenagers) or 2 (children); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1–2 (knife or fist); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M; ML 8; XP 15 each.

Early in the night, there is one false alarm. Four-year-old Donatello wanders into the PC's stakeout. If questioned, he says, "I'm looking for my friends. They like milk, too." He describes these friends as children his own size and age, with "funny ears." If any of the Paradisios are present, they explain that the boy has several imaginary playmates. They send him back to bed with a cup of milk.

Later that night, the thieves strike. They are a group of three brownies who creep out of the woods, toward the house and barn, using their *dimension door* spells to bypass any locked doors. Unless prevented, they steal a jug of beer from the farmhouse kitchen and a hatchling chicken from the barn. In return for these "gleanings," the brownies plan to wash a pile of dirty dishes in the kitchen and re-sole a pair of work boots they find in the barn.

When the PC gets his first good look at the brownies, read the following:

> A faint rustle and clatter draws your attention. Moving through the shadows are three tiny figures—two men and one woman, each about two feet tall. Two of them are lugging a jug of beer, while the third carries a newly hatched chicken. The tiny people wear clothes, as humans do, including coats made of black leather. They have knife-sized swords hanging from their belts. Their pointed ears stick out from

under pot lids, which they have tied to their heads with string. They look like children playing at being soldiers.

If confronted, the brownies flee, defending themselves with spells, if necessary. Their first action is to cast *mirror image*; as a result, the area suddenly seems filled with 12 brownies, instead of three. If the PC (or one of the Paradisios) tries to grab one of the tiny thieves, he is likely to wind up with nothing but air.

The brownies' second line of defense is to use *confusion* against any attackers. The DM should roll 1d6, rather than the usual 1d10, to determine results: the victims either wander away or stand confused—but they do *not* attack one another. (The brownies used this spell on Patricio last night.) The brownies might also attempt to confuse their opponents by using *ventriloquism* to mimic the voice of one of the Paradisios—perhaps young Donatello—calling out for help from a distant corner of the house or barn.

Only if their lives are threatened do the brownies cast a *continual light* spell into another living creature's eyes; their alignment prevents them from permanently blinding someone without just cause.

Brownies (3): INT high; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1–2 (tiny swords); SA spells; SD save as 9th-level cleric; MR as previous; SZ T; ML 12; XP 175; *MM*/31.

The DM should play this scene for laughs. If the confrontation takes place inside the barn or in the farmyard, someone falls on a bale of hay and winds up being stuck in the behind by a pitch fork (1 hp damage). Chickens flap and cackle, feathers fly through the air, and pigs run in wild circles in their pens. Anyone entering the pen must make a Dexterity check to avoid slipping and falling in the trough, which is filled with slop.

If the encounter takes place in the farmhouse (probably in the kitchen), someone trips over a bucket of sudsy water, making the floor very slippery. The PC must make a Dexterity check to stay on his feet. Dishes go crashing to the floor, people trip over toys underfoot, and bags of flour fall and rupture, coating everyone with a dusting of white powder.

The DM should try to arrange it so the brownies escape—with or without the beer and chicken. Their footsteps can easily be tracked to the edge of the forest. Here, the tiny boot prints disappear and are replaced by the hoof prints of pigs. If the PC is quick or stealthy enough, he may arrive in time to see the brownies climb onto the backs of three pigs. The brownies ride away on these animals, steering them by tugging on their ears.

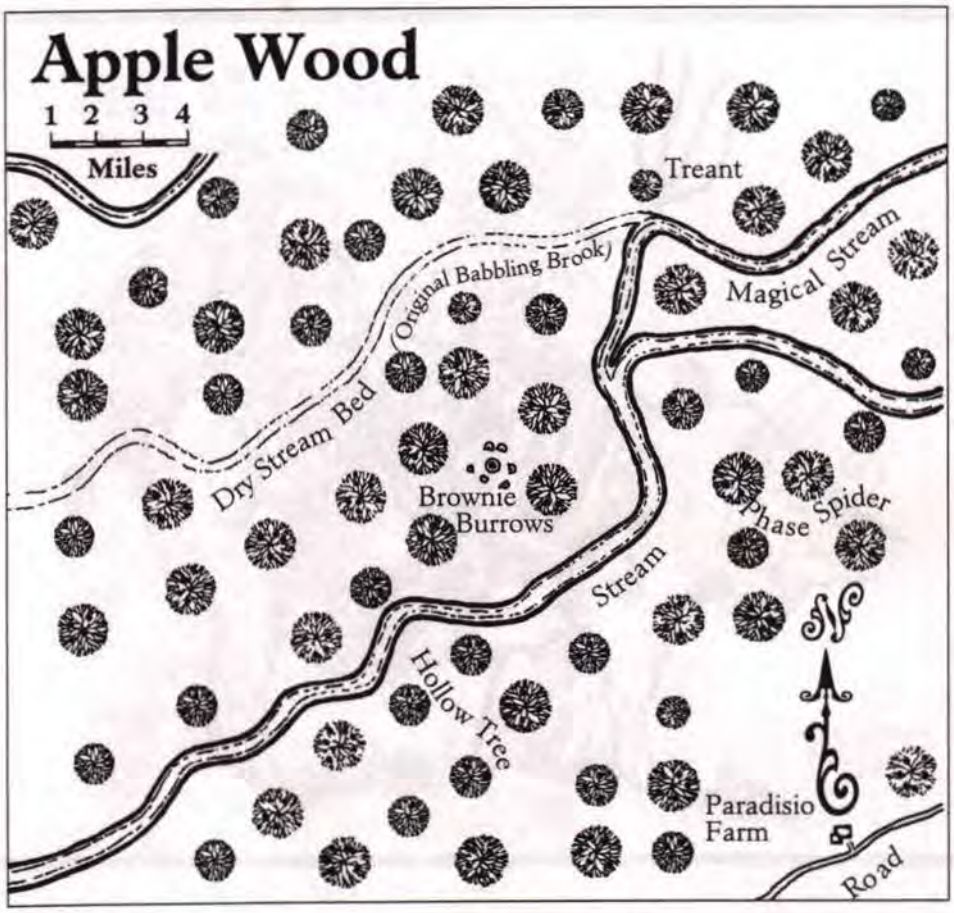
Pigs (3): INT animal; AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 2; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4 (bite or butt); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ S; ML unsteady; XP 35 each; *MM*/244

If the PC somehow manages to capture one of the brownies, the tiny humanoid becomes indignant at being called a thief: "We don't steal—we glean. And we pay for everything we take." The captive offers a gem (value 50 gp) to the Paradisios as additional compensation for the missing livestock. This is more than fair, since pigs sell for only 3 gp apiece.

Despite the fact that the brownie is being obliging and friendly, his speech is peppered with insults and garbled "tough guy" talk. The brownie is doing its best imitation of a thug; the effect is quite comical, because the brownie is so tiny and seemingly harmless. Some examples: "Get outa my way, skunk!" "What are you lookin' at, horse face?" "Oh yeah? Well you can shove that where the sun shines!"

The initiate may know (on a successful Intelligence check) that brownies normally take only small helpings of food—bread, milk, or fruit. If the brownie is questioned about why their gleaning has increased so dramatically in recent weeks, he offers this explanation: "It was for our guest. We wanted to make him feel more at home. We feel awful about what happened to him."

The brownie refuses to elaborate further. If the PC has access to mind-probing magic, the DM may reveal the secrets contained in the section **At the Core of the Problem**. (It will be more fun, however, for the PC to discover these secrets in person.)



Forest Frolics

The next day dawns bright and sunny. Regardless of the outcome of the previous night's events, it is now time for the initiate to enter the wood and begin his custodianship. The PC may simply wander into the wood and begin exploring it or may (on a successful tracking proficiency check) follow the trail of hoof prints left by the three pig-riding brownies who visited the Paradisio guest house the night before.

The Paradisio family members are unwilling to accompany the PC into the heart of the forest. "There are fearsome great creatures in there," Papa Paradisio explains. "We've heard them bellowing, deep in the woods, crashing through the trees." If questioned further, he describes the sound as something like the trumpeting of a moose.

Apple Wood contains four specific encounter areas. The first is the spot where the brownies make their burrows. The trail of pig hoof prints leads to this spot, which is described in the section entitled **At the Core of the Problem**. Unfortunately, this trail is crisscrossed many times by other trails of hoof prints, all of them just as fresh. The PC must spend some time (at least 1d4+1 hours) winding back and forth through the forest, following these trails before eventually reaching the brownie burrows.

The second encounter area is a hollow tree, in which a talking owl lives (as described in **The Babbling Brook** section). The stream that flows past this spot has magical properties; should the PC drink from it, the DM should refer to this section for the effects.

The third encounter area is a large, seemingly normal apple tree that blocks a stream. The tree is in fact a treant, described in the section titled **Knocking on Wood**.

The final area with a specific encounter is the lair of a phase spider, and is described in **Just a Phase**.

While the PC may wander past any of these areas at any time, the DM should save these four encounters for later in the adventure. The talking owl is hidden inside its tree, the treant appears to be an ordinary apple tree until disturbed, and the phase spider lives in a web high in the top of a maple tree. Only if the PC is specifically looking for them are these creatures discovered. And only if the PC specifically states that he drinks from the Babbling Brook should the DM refer to that section.

The clearing that contains the brownie burrows, of course, can be found simply by walking into it. Before this happens, the DM should arrange for the PC to experience at least one or two of the following encounters:

1. Wild Riders. A group of 1d6 brownies rides madly past on the backs of domestic pigs. Each brownie has a cooking-pot lid tied onto his head and is wearing a coat made of leather that has been died a patchy black using berry juice. The back of each is embroidered with the words: "Helps Angels."

The brownies control the pigs by holding onto their ears, using them to steer the animal. A small cage has been lashed to the rump of each pig, much as a saddlebag would be. Inside each cage is a hatchling chicken. The brownies are singing in high-pitched voices; the PC hears the following snatch of song: "Get your hog a runnin' / Flat out on the tree way / Looking for adventure / In whatever comes our way / Born to be miiiild!"

The pigs are trotting flat-out; they are probably well past the PC before he has a chance to react. In their wake they leave a trail of trampled vegetation. If the PC makes a successful tracking proficiency check, he can follow this trail back to the brownie burrows. The appropriate tracking modifiers, all cumulative, are: +3 (thick brush); and +1 for every two brownie riders in the group being followed.

2. Tattoo Parlor. A group of four brownies has gathered in the forest. One brownie is tattooing another, using sewing needles and a pot of writing ink (both gleaned from the Paradisio house). If the PC makes a non-threatening approach (or is stealthy) he may observe the designs. The tattoos include images of chickens on the brownie's arms, grinning skulls, and flame-haloed fiends. Across the brownie's chest are the words: "Live to write / Write to live."

The other two brownies are "tattooing" the trees by carving similar designs and slogans into their bark.

They're making quite a mess of the trees in the process, tearing off the mistletoe to carve the trunks; the end result is quite ugly.

The DM may wish to foreshadow this encounter by having the PC stumble across a similar patch of "tattooed" trees. The skulls and fiendish images—despite the fact that they were innocently carved by the brownies—probably seem quite threatening to the PC.

3. Fake Fight.

Here you see two brownies confronting one another, glaring angrily. Each wears a coat made from fringed black leather. One of the coats has been splashed with red, blue, and green paint, the other with purple, orange, and brown. Each brownie holds a tiny sword, which he waves menacingly at the other. Both swords have been fitted with a hinge, so that their blades flick back and forth, in and out of a recess in the hilts.

"I don't like your colors!" one of the brownies shouts at the other in a high, squeaky voice.

"Let's fight, then!" the other pipes back.

The brownies close, and the swords flick in and out furiously. The fight looks real enough—certainly a lot of vegetation is being trampled and slashed in the process, even though the brownies seem unable to land a blow on each other.

The PC may wish to step in and try to break it up. If so, the brownies immediately drop their weapons and flee, using a *mirror image* spell to confuse the intruder.

In fact, the brownies are not really trying to hurt each other—although they may hit the PC by mistake if he steps between a pair of "combatants." This is not a real fight, but is instead a carefully choreographed routine.

Eventually, the hinges on one or both of the swords break. The brownies look at their weapons with regret.

"How disappointing," one says with a sigh. "The switch blades didn't work. Oh, well. I guess we'll have to think up another diversion to entertain Jack."

4. It's Nearly Rock 'n' Roll. A group of 1d4+1 brownies are standing together, talking. One holds a battered brass bugle. Raising it to his lips, he says to the others, "I think I have it this time. Tell me if this is the right tune."

The brownie blows a series of notes. (Musically inclined DMs should belt out the opening notes of Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water," using a suitably bugle-like sound.)

The bugle is, in fact, a modified *horn of blasting*. This particular horn emits a noise so loud that all within a 30′ radius must make a successful saving throw vs. spells to avoid being deafened for the next four rounds. Those within 60′ experience a ringing in their ears that lasts for four rounds. (This has no other ill effects.) At the same time, the horn sends out waves of ultrasonic sound in a wide cone that is 30′ long and 60′ wide at its end point. This cone of destructive sound starts at the mouth of the instrument and tears the leaves off trees, knocks over saplings, and rips smaller plants out of the earth. Anyone caught in it must make a Dexterity check or be knocked sprawling—suffering 1 hp damage as a result.

This modified *horn of blasting* has the usual cumulative 2% percentage chance of self-destructing each time it is blown. If blown more than once per day (it is about to be blown for the second time today) there is a 5% cumulative chance that it explodes. When it does, it inflicts 1d4 hp damage upon the person sounding it.

"How was that?" the brownie with the bugle asks. "Was it loud enough? Do you think Jack will like it?"

"What?"

"Should I try again?"

"What?"

Unless the PC prevents him from doing so, the brownie blows the trumpet again, wreaking more destruction upon the forest.

This encounter was foreshadowed by Papa Paradisio's comments about animals bellowing and crashing about in the woods—it was the *horn of blasting* that he heard. The DM should also foreshadow this encounter by having the PC stumble across several patches of torn-up forest—areas where the horn was tested previously. These patches of ruined forest should be quite distressing to the initiate. They'll need to be patched up before his mentor arrives to inspect the wood.

5. Pool Hollow. The PC hears the sound of excited voices and splashing. Up ahead, a group of four brownies are clustered around the edge of a small, shallow bed of water. At the center of this pool, knee-deep in the water, two more brownies are beating the surface frantically with stout sticks. They seem to be trying to strike about a dozen brightly colored wooden balls that are bobbing on the surface. At last one of the brownies manages to strike one of the balls. It breaks open, fills with water, and disappears below the surface.

"I sank it!" the brownie chortles with glee. "That means I win!"

The other brownie scowls, then picks up one of the balls and stuffs it into the pants pocket of the first. "No, I win," he says. "I put one of the balls into a pocket."

"No fair!" the first brownie protests. "You have to do it with your stick! It doesn't count if you use your hands! Jack said so!"

The argument soon becomes a shoving match. All of the spectators join in, taking sides and ripping branches off nearby trees to strike one another. In seconds, the tranquil pond has become a sea of mud and much of the surrounding vegetation has been destroyed.

Once again, the DM can foreshadow this encounter by having the PC stumble across an abandoned "pool hollow" in another part of the forest. The PC finds a muddy hole, trampled vegetation, broken branches, and one or two round, wooden balls that have been painted in garish colors—some solid, and some striped.

The comic potential of these encounters should be played up for all that it is worth. These brownies are behaving in very un-brownielike fashion—and they are affecting the forest in disastrous ways as a result. This should prove quite disconcerting to the initiate.

The DM should use the brownie and pig statistics found in the section **The Pitter Patter of Little Pilferers**. If confronted in an aggressive fashion, the brownies use the same defensive tactics described in that section.

If any of the brownies in the above scenarios are questioned about their odd behavior, the standard reply is:

> "We're trying to make our guest feel more comfortable. Jack misses his home. If we could, we'd send him back there. But we can't, so we're trying to make him feel more at home."

If asked more about this guest, they reluctantly invite the PC to come to their burrows. "He's kind of hard to describe. You'll have to meet him in person."

At the Core of the Problem

The "wee folk" have lived in this area for centuries. They watched as the first apple tree was planted and as the orchard took shape. They gleaned fruit from its trees and, in return, paid back the orchard workers by mending their baskets, cleaning their clothes, and picking fruit for them. Ultimately—and unwittingly—they were also the orchard's downfall.

Fifty-eight years ago, the brownies gleaned some cinnamon butter from a passing wizard and in return mended the wizard's socks. Unfortunately, the brownies took the last of the wizard's cinnamon butter and he was not at all happy. To teach the brownies a lesson, the wizard left behind a *well of many worlds*, without instructions on how to use it. The brownies immediately put it to practical use, (thinking it was a waste disposal of sorts) tossing into it any rubbish that they found in the orchard. They thought it a simple one-way disposal device and never realized that it was in fact a two-way connection to other worlds.

It was through this portal that the two-headed purple caterpillars came. Almost overnight, the orchard was destroyed. The brownies, not realizing that their magical device was the cause of the infestation, continued to use it. Fortunately, nothing else ever came through—aside from the odd, single sock, still wet and sudsy from the wash.

Then, two weeks ago, the *well of many worlds* made a connection with an alternate prime-material plane.

Through this portal stepped a biker, a member of a motorcycle gang. His name was Wild Jack, and when he stepped off his motorcycle and into a forest populated by tiny, magical people with pointed ears, he refused to believe his eyes. Convinced that he had gone insane, Jack sank into a surly depression. He now alternates between fits of violent, destructive anger and long silences. It is all the brownies can do to get him to eat—although he seems quite happy to drink as much beer as they can set before him.

The brownies would love to help their guest return home again. They now realize that their magical item is a two-way portal. Unfortunately, the *well of many worlds* was moved shortly after Jack's arrival. Because it operates in a completely random fashion and because there are infinite worlds for it to link to, it is impossible to "reset" the magical device for Jack's world, even by placing it in the same location as before.

Unable to figure out how to send Jack back to his own world, the brownies instead feel honor-bound to make the forest as much like his home as possible. Jack talked fondly—in biker slang—of riding his "hog" (motorcycle) with a "gorgeous chick" sitting behind him. He spoke of black leather jackets marked with "colors," of switch-blade fights, and of playing pool. He grumbled about laws that forced him to wear a "lid" (helmet) on his head when he went riding.

In his more lucid moments (after several beers) Jack tried to describe rock 'n' roll music for the brownies. They nodded politely but were completely unable to grasp the concept of an electric guitar. They think the effect might be achieved by attaching a lightning rod to a lute during a thunderstorm. (The DM may wish to show this experiment in progress; the resulting explosion causes 1d4 hp damage to anyone within 10′ of the lute. Anyone foolish enough to be holding the lute at the time suffers 6d6 hp damage.) The brownies did understand, however, that rock 'n' roll music had to be very loud, and thus are experimenting with the *horn of blasting* to create this effect. They have overheard Jack humming the tunes of his favorite songs and are planning to give a surprise concert for him soon. This concert takes place on the day that the PC arrives at the brownie burrows. Needless to say, Jack is not impressed.

A total of 10 brownies inhabit the six underground burrows at the center of Apple Wood. Normally these burrows are neat and well maintained, but more than one shows the scars of Jack's rages and is partially collapsed.

Jack spends much of his time sitting under an apple tree, drinking beer and occasionally pinching himself to see if he wakes up. When he speaks, it is in rough, abusive language. (The brownies have duplicated this language, thinking it will set Jack at ease.) He is too dumbfounded by his surroundings to be much of a threat—most of the time. But he is dangerous. When provoked, he fights as a 7th-level fighter—and he doesn't care who he hurts, since this is "just a dream."

Despite these violent outbursts, the brownies insist that Jack must not be injured or killed. "He is our guest!" they scream. They are bound by their hospitality rules to do what they must in an effort to protect this unruly guest.

Wild Jack: AL NE; AC 9; MV 12; F7; hp 45; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2 rounds; Dmg 1d6 (brass knuckles); S 17, D 12, C 10, I 11, W 9, Ch 10; SZ M (6′6″); ML unsteady; XP 420.

With faces reddened by embarrassment, the brownies at last explain what has happened and reveal that the *well of many worlds* was the cause. They apologize for the destruction they have been wreaking upon the forest, but say that they are "honor bound by the laws of hospitality" to make their guest feel at home. But perhaps if the PC can help them send Jack home again . . .

The PC can try experimenting with the *well of many worlds*, but Jack adamantly refuses to step inside it. The brownies are reluctant to force him. "He could wind up in the elemental plane of fire and be burned alive!" they gasp. "Or even somewhere worse!"

If the PC has access to a magical item that allows inter-planar travel (a *mirror of mental prowess*, *cubic gate*, or *staff of the magi*, for example) this device can be used to send Jack home. But being low-level, it is unlikely that the PC has such an item—or even knows where to find one.

The brownies explain that they sought a solution to their problem from "the wise one"—a talking owl that lives in a hollow tree, deep in Apple Wood—but that the owl wasn't much help.

> "He gave us some advice, but we couldn't figure it out," the brownies say. "I guess it's because he's so wise and mysterious. But you'll understand what he's saying. You're big folk."

The Babbling Brook

Excited at the prospect that the PC can help them figure out the owl's advice, the brownies hustle the PC to the hollow tree where the talking owl makes its home. Unfortunately, while the owl listens attentively to anything the PC has to say, it responds with complete gibberish.

The reason for the owl's babbling is that the stream flowing past the owl's nest has recently been tainted with magical water. The effect of this magical water on anyone who drinks from the stream is the same as that of a *philter of stammering and stuttering*. This effect lasts 1d6 hours. Water taken from the stream retains its power for only 1d6 rounds, however, making it a poor source for PCs who hope to make a profit selling the liquid.

The owl thinks it is talking sensibly, but it is in fact reciting nonsense. It knows the solution to the problem: the brownies must gather one ounce of phase spider web and use it to make *oil of etherealness*. (The owl can instruct them in the making of this potion.) This oil can then be rubbed on Jack's body, allowing him to enter the Ethereal Plane. His longing for home will guide him the rest of the way.

The owl offers this advice to the PC as many times as it is asked. It is already frustrated with the "stupidity" of the brownies; it doesn't understand why they keep asking it the same question. The owl thinks it is saying, "Make a balm from a phase spider's web, rub it on Jack, and he'll return home to his bed." It is really saying: "Bake a palm, place it on my head, add grub and a snack, and we'll burn holes in the bread."

The DM should play up the encounter with the owl for all that it's worth, garbling whatever the owl says. The brownies are in awe of the talking owl and believe it to be a font of wisdom. They genuflect before it, address it in hushed, reverent tones, and hang upon its every utterance. But they readily admit (in careful whispers) that what the owl is saying is incomprehensible.

> "We haven't been able to understand him for about a month now," one brownie whispers to you.
>
> "That's right," another brownie adds. "He started talking in riddles around the time that the brook dried up."

If pressed for examples of the owl's "riddles" the brownies provide the following samples:

- "The watcher of the book has feet. Thinking is very sweet." (Correct translation: "The water in the brook is sweet. Drinking it is a treat.")

- "You have spies and beer, and years for free. Why is it you cannot stand over me?" (Correct translation: "You have ears to hear and eyes to see. Why is it you cannot understand me?")

- "You bask in the rain again and again. Your quest is tired and has come up lame." (Correct translation: "You ask me the same thing again and again. Your questions are as tiresome as rain.")

If the PC picks up on this clue, the brownies can show the PC the dry stream bed. The brownies never bothered to investigate the cause of its disappearance. According to their folklore, the stream gave people headaches. Since they never drank from it anyway, they didn't really care whether it flowed or not.

The brownies believe that it's merely coincidental that the stream dried up around the same time that the owl started babbling. In fact, the two events are linked (see the **Knocking on Wood** section). It is up to the PC to figure this out, however.

The owl drinks several times a day from the tainted stream that flows past its tree; it also eats the crayfish that live in its waters. When the PC first meets it, the owl is under the effects of the magical water for another 1d6 hours. If it can be prevented from drinking from the stream for this amount of time, it begins talking sensibly again. But this should prove a difficult task, given the owl's ability to fly quickly to other drinking spots up and down the stream, and to use its high wisdom to avoid most tricks and traps.

The delusional properties of the magical water are such that the owl refuses to stop drinking from the stream. The owl believes that the stream makes it even more eloquent than before—that it is the stupidity of the brownies that is preventing them from understanding its message.

One solution to the problem would be to dam or divert the stream. (The brownies might suggest this, once the PC concludes that it is the water that is at fault.) Unfortunately, unless the dam or diversionary canal is constructed far upstream, it is useless. The owl can fly a round trip of 36 miles from its hollow tree home in a single day, and it can reach the water that lies behind any dam within this range. In addition, building a dam or digging a diversion channel takes 3d4 days of back-breaking work. With the druid arriving soon to inspect the forest, the initiate may not have time to do the job.

Owl, Talking: INT exceptional; AL LG; AC 3; MV 1, fly 36 (C); HD 2+2; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1–4/1–4/1–2 (talon/talon/beak); SA swoop; SD never surprised; MR 20%*; SZ S; ML champion; XP 975; *MM*/28.

* The owl's wisdom score (21) provides it with natural immunities to the spells *cause fear*, *charm person*, *command*, *fear*, *forget*, *friends*, *hold person*, *hypnotism*, *ray of enfeeblement*, and *scare*.

Knocking on Wood

The magical water that is contaminating the owl's drinking water used to flow along a different course about seven miles from the stream that the owl drinks from. About a week ago, the magical stream seemed to dry up overnight, when in fact it merely changed its course and now flows into the stream that the owl drinks from.

The magical stream was suddenly diverted when an aged treant set down roots in its path. This mighty tree completely blocked the stream, which overflowed its banks and cut a new channel, eventually joining the stream that now flows past the owl's hollow tree.

If the PC follows either the dry stream bed or the owl's stream backward, he eventually finds the treant. It is clear from its immense size and gnarled bark that this "apple tree" is decades old. Yet the dried-out stream bed seems to have been very recently full; the dead crayfish and dried up water plants that litter its rocky bottom have only partially rotted.

If the treant can be persuaded to move, the magical stream returns to its original course. The first step in this process is to wake the treant up—which shouldn't be too hard. The second step—asking it to move—is tougher. This treant is very old and slow, and it wants only to return to its slumber. It is

tired and cranky when awake and refuses to budge an inch from its "final rooting place."

The DM can play up the comic potential of this encounter by having the treant continually fall asleep in the middle of a conversation. Just as the treant seems about to agree to move, it drifts off into slumber. When it wakes up, the negotiations have to start all over again.

The treant also is affected by the magical stream, but it reacts to its power in a different manner than do the owl and other creatures. Instead of stammering and stuttering, or babbling as the owl does, it repeats its statements, over and over, in the slow and ponderous voice that is common to its kind. The sentences themselves are quite comprehensible. For example: "I have found my final rooting place. Yes, final. The final place. For rooting."

The treant's one fear (and weakness) is fire. If this adventure is being played by a non-druidic PC (and if no druidic NPCs are watching over his shoulder) that PC could drive the treant from the streambed by threatening to burn it. This would be a dangerous proposition, however, since the treant could kill a low-level PC with one swipe of a mighty branch. A better course would be for the PC to pretend to be burning the forest—which might draw the treant to the spot to retaliate against this evil—or to use an illusionary fire to get the treant to move.

Another solution (one that is more tenable to a druidic PC) might be to use a *potion of plant control* to force the treant to move. But perhaps the best option is to continue to talk politely to the treant until it is finally convinced to move. Waking it up repeatedly—and promising to do this over and over again, without pause until the treant moves—finally convinces it to shift out of the stream bed.

Treant: INT very; AL CG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 12; hp 56; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4d6/4d6; SA animate normal trees; SD never surprised; MR nil; SZ H (18′); ML champion; XP 6,000; *MM*/346.

If pestered enough by the PC, the treant offers to give the PC its treasure if the PC "goes away and leaves me in peace." The treant offers the PC 3d4 semi-precious gems (base value of 50 gp), plus a choice of any two of the following: a *potion of invisibility*, an *elixir of health*, or a *potion of polymorph self*. The potions are in unlabeled metal containers, but the treant explains what each does. Each of the potions is hidden under the treant's roots; the treant lifts the appropriate roots once the PC has made a decision. The gems are also hidden under its roots.

If the PC accepts this bribe, he is expected to honor the promise; any further attempts to make the treant move or to steal a third potion result in an immediate attack.

Just a Phase

If the owl drinks from the *elixir of health,* it immediately shakes off the effects of the magical water and begins talking normally. Once the owl's advice can be understood, the PC faces the daunting task of collecting the one ounce of phase spider web required to make the *oil of etherealness*.

The spider's web is at the top of a large maple tree, 70′ above ground. The many branches make it a relatively

easy climb; an unskilled human climber has an 80% chance of getting up successfully. But as soon as the PC touches the web, even the slightest vibration brings the phase spider running to attack. Cutting the web (to collect strands of it) almost certainly triggers an attack; only if the PC is able to make a Dexterity check on percentage dice can he avoid alerting the spider.

To lighten up this potentially fatal encounter, the DM might wish to have the phase spider capture the PC, rather than make an immediate kill. The PC ends up bundled in the web, where he hangs helplessly, possibly for a few days. If the PC comes up with a wise solution to the problem (perhaps instructing the brownies to free him in some clever way) the DM can be lenient, and allow the PC to escape. The brownies, after all, stumble across the PC sooner or later and mount a rescue attempt, perhaps letting Jack in on "the action." Only if the PC is truly foolish or insults the brownies in some way should the DM allow the poor initiate to hang there until rescued by his druid mentor—who, needless to say, is not amused by the PC's ineptitude and the state of the forest.

The treant's potions offer the PC the best chance of success. An invisible PC might succeed in stealing some of the web if the spider is somehow distracted away from it (perhaps with the assistance of the owl, or the brownies, who can use a *confusion* spell to good effect). Or the PC may use the *potion of polymorphing* to assume the shape of a fellow phase spider in an attempt to pay a friendly visit to the web and gather a few strands of the web. (The DM can either adjudicate the result based upon the PC's description of his actions, or can use the Encounter Reaction table (table 59) in the DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide to determine how the phase spider reacts to another member of its species.)

Note: A PC who *polymorphs* into a phase spider can spin a web, but this web does *not* have the magical properties required to make the potion.

Phase Spider: INT low; AL N; AC 7; MV 6, web 15; HD 5+5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA phasing, poison; SD phasing; MR nil; SZ L (14'); ML champion; XP 1,400; *MM*/326.

Concluding the Adventure

Once the phase spider web is gathered, making the *oil of etherealness* takes 2d4 hours. The process involves boiling the web in oil, cooling it, and stirring in the tear of a lonely traveler. Fortunately, there's one close at hand; getting Jack to cry, however, may prove difficult. The PC must tell a *really* sad story—perhaps one about how a beautiful motorcycle was destroyed.

Rubbing the oil on Jack is also difficult. The biker vigorously opposes having "perfume" rubbed on his body and must be tricked into accepting this indignity. He could, of course, be fed enough beer that he passes out. But entering the Ethereal Plane while unconscious would be extremely dangerous—not to mention the fact that Jack needs to be conscious to find his way home again.

On the tenth day after this adventure first began, the initiate's mentor comes to inspect Apple Wood. Everything must be in order by then—the damage from the *horn of blasting* cleaned up, the "tattooed" tree bark removed, the mistletoe re-planted, and the brownies encouraged to assume their normal behavior. If all is well, the druid rewards the initiate with a minor magical item (1,000 gp value or less) that is appropriate to the druidic class and that would aid the initiate in his continuing duties. Suitable items might include a magical robe, a ring, or a +1 magical weapon usable by druids. In addition, the grateful brownies may reward the PC with some of their treasure. As a group, they own 10d4 semi-precious gems, 10–200 pp, 200–900 sp, 100–400 cp.

If the initiate has had a really hard time of it and is still struggling to conclude the cleanup on the tenth day, the arrival of the druid might be delayed by a kindly DM. Depending upon the time of year, a heavy rainstorm or snowstorm might make the only road to this area impassable. Or perhaps important druidic business elsewhere delays the mentor's inspection.

Because the powerful creatures in this adventure are unlikely to be defeated in combat by the PC, the DM should instead reward experience points if the PC succeeded in tricking or manipulating them. Award 20% of the usual number of experience points for each creature who was thus "defeated."

The adventure, if successfully completed, provides the initiate with a wilderness area that he must continue to protect. It may also have provided the PC with some valuable allies—a tribe of magic-wielding brownies and a friendly human family whose doors are always open to their hero. Ω

CHALLENGE OF CHAMPIONS

by Johnathan M. Richards

Step right up . . .

Artwork by Terry Dykstra

Johnathan writes: "I'd like to dedicate this adventure to my friend Ken Meyer, who reintroduced me to the AD&D® game back in 1991 when he bought me a copy of DUNGEON® Adventures #26. I haven't missed an issue since. I'd also like to thank my two sons, Stuart and Logan, for their invaluable assistance in playtesting the scenarios."

"Challenge of Champions" is an AD&D® adventure for 1–4 PCs of any level and alignment but of different classes (ideally, one each of the main four PC classes). It can be inserted into almost any campaign, on the outskirts of a major city, where large numbers of adventurers are likely to be found. In the GREYHAWK® campaign, the Free City of Greyhawk is ideal; for the FORGOTTEN REALMS® world, the city of Waterdeep is a good choice; in the MYSTARA® setting, the City of Glantri makes sense.

It is important that the DM read the entire adventure before running it. A firm understanding of each of the ten scenarios is imperative for the smooth operation of the adventure, as well as to help the DM adjudicate alternate solutions the players may devise to each challenge.

Adventure Background

The Adventurers' Guild of the city is sponsoring an event to test the skills of teams of adventurers. The contest is open to adventuring teams of all levels of skill; the only proviso is that each team must consist of one warrior, one wizard, one priest, and one rogue. In terms of team composition, it doesn't matter if the warrior is a generic "fighter," a paladin, a ranger, a barbarian, or even a samurai, so long as he is of the warrior class; likewise with the other classes. Multi-class and dual-class PCs must decide which of the four PC class slots they will fill on the team. It is perfectly all right, for instance, for a fighter/wizard to act as either class for the contest.

The contest will be held in two days' time at the edge of the city, and it is already generating all kinds of excitement. Teams are being formed by adventurers from all over the countryside, some that have worked together for years, others that are joining up specifically for the contest.

Each team must be registered at the Guild Headquarters in the city by sundown the night before the contest. The team members must each provide the guild with their name, "profession" (warrior, wizard, priest, or rogue), and team name. The registration is free to guild members, but it costs 5 gp per team member otherwise. The Adventurers' Guild takes the opportunity to try to convince non-members to join up at this time; after all, for a mere 25 gp per year, the PCs can enter an organization dedicated to aid those seeking adventure and excitement. Not only is the Guild the source of a wealth of information and beneficial contacts, but it can usually provide a slight discount on standard adventuring gear to its members. Other benefits of guild membership are left to the DM's campaign but may include selling expendable magical items (like scrolls and potions) at reasonable cost, as well as providing a place to sell the treasures recovered while adventuring.

In addition to the prestige of winning the contest, the members of the winning ream each receive lifetime memberships into the Adventurers' Guild.

For the Dungeon Master

The contest itself is a series of ten scenarios, each designed to test the leadership, adaptability, and team cohesion of the adventuring group. The scenarios are set up so as to be of equal difficulty to everyone, regardless of level. In other words, a 20th-level wizard has no advantage over a 1st-level one.

The rules are as follows: the team members must show up in regular clothing (armor is not permitted in the contest). Weapons may not be brought to the contest grounds; those scenarios involving weapons will have them pre-positioned. The same goes for magical items of any type. Wizards may have no spells memorized except for *read magic*, which they can hold in memory as many times as their level allows. To make the contest fair to all spellcasters involved, the wizard and priest PCs read from pre-positioned spell scrolls, so all magic is cast at the same level. Those wizards with familiars are not allowed to bring their animals into the contest. All PCs are inspected at the beginning of the contest by a Guild wizard using *detect magic*, and those attempting to sneak magical items into the contest are immediately disqualified.

At the start of each scenario, the official (a member of the Adventurers' Guild overseeing the proper operation of that particular scenario) briefs the team on the starting equipment they may use, and the team is allowed to inventory the items to ensure that everything is in place. Command words to any magical items requiring them are provided at this time. Once the team is satisfied that all equipment is in place, the official begins to read the briefing, and the clock starts ticking. The briefing consists of the goal the team must try to accomplish, as well as any special rules for that scenario. The team has 15 minutes to accomplish each scenario. At the scenario's end, all starting equipment must be placed back in position for the next team, and the PCs move on to the next scenario. Unless told otherwise, the PCs cannot take anything from one scenario to the next. Wizards may "study up" their *read magic* spells between scenarios as needed.

If your adventuring group does not have a member of each of the four main classes, the PCs can recruit one or more NPCs from the single hopefuls milling about the contest. See the "Rounding Out the Team" sidebar for more information.

Just one word of caution—although this adventure can be played with one DM and one player (with the player running all four team members), that puts the entire burden of coming up with solutions on the lone player. Not that this can't be done; it's just always easier to have input and ideas from several people. The odds of a team doing well tends to increase with the number of active players participating.

Rounding Out the Team

If the PCs are short a character class or two, they can meet up with any of the four extra PCs described here. These extra PCs are all 1st level, and are afraid to sign up as a team together because of their lack of experience. However, they'd be more than happy to join up with some experienced PCs.

The DM should feel free to use these extra PCs to fill out the party for the purpose of this adventure; once the adventure is over, they can stay on as NPCs or go their separate ways, as the DM sees fit. In any case, the extra PCs are not to be used by the DM to provide input during the scenarios. The contest is designed to test the ingenuity of the players, so no help should be forthcoming from the DM via these extra PCs.

Jagomund of the North: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 12, C 10, I 9, W 10, Ch 9; ML 11.

Jagomund is a tall, bearded fellow, who wears his long blonde hair in intricate braids. He is proficient in the use of the short sword, long sword, spear, and warhammer.

Rebecca Dawnstorm: AL CG; AC 10; MV 12; M1; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 6, D 13, C 9, I 15, W 9, Ch 10; ML 11.

Rebecca is a dark-haired fledgling wizard, eager to embark on a life of adventure. She is proficient in the use of the dagger.

Brother Matthew the Quiet: AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; C1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 11, D 9, C 8, I 8, W 14, Ch 13; ML 11.

Brother Matthew is a soft-spoken individual, preferring to remain silent if he has nothing to say. He is proficient in the use of the mace and sling.

Thessaranda the Streetflea: AL CN; AC 10; MV 12; T1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 12, D 14, C 10, I 9, W 8, Ch 12; ML 11. Thief abilities: PP 20%, OL 40%, F/RT 5%, MS 30%, HS 10%, DN 15%, CW 90%.

Thessaranda was raised on the streets and has earned the nickname "Streetflea" because of her ability to irritate just about anyone she sets her mind to. She is proficient in the use of the dagger and short sword.

The statistics above describe the four extra PCs as they appear for the Challenge of Champions. If the DM wishes to make them permanent additions to the party, he'll have to outfit them with weapons, armor, spells, and the like, but these concerns are outside the scope of this adventure.

Score Sheet

Team Name: _____

Scenario	Wizard	Warrior	Priest	Rogue	Total
#1: Cobra Guard					
#2: Fighter's Challenge					
#3: River Crossing					
#4: Thief's Challenge					
#5: Dragon's Den					
#6: Mage's Challenge					
#7: Hot Spot					
#8: Priest's Challenge					
#9: Bear Sentry					
#10: Gem Sprite					
TOTAL					

Running the Scenarios

At the beginning of each scenario, the DM should show the players the map corresponding to that event (permission is granted to photocopy the player handouts and maps for personal use only). The map shows the layout of the area the PCs have to work in and lists the equipment they'll be using. Allow the players to read the appropriate spells in the *Player's Handbook* and magical item entries in the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide.* Once all of the players have had a chance to do so, the DM should give them the task briefing. Once the briefing begins, the DM should be tracking the time (a stopwatch comes in handy for this). The PCs have a total of 15 minutes to accomplish the task, but part of the time will be spent deciding on what to do, and this is done in "real time" by the players. Once the players have decided on a course of action, the DM stops the clock, and the PCs have the remaining time to accomplish their actions. For instance, if the briefing takes 30 seconds to read, and the players spend three minutes deciding on a course of action, the PCs will have 11 minutes 30 seconds (11½ rounds) to accomplish the scenario's goal.

The DM is provided with the "school solution" to each scenario. This is the way the designers at the Adventurers' Guild expect the goal to be accomplished. However, it is by no means the only or necessarily the best way to accomplish the goal. It is provided so the DM can see one way for each task to be accomplished, in the event that the PCs fail to accomplish it and the players don't think it can be done. Be flexible in all cases, and allow a good idea an appropriate chance of success. Some avenues of approach are not good methods to employ, however, and many of these are provided to the DM as examples of what does not work.

The Guild official proctoring each scenario is responsible for ensuring the safety of each of the adventurers. While many of the scenarios place the contestants in danger of physical harm, the official has been provided with a means of countering that danger; for example, one scenario involves climbing a cliff, and the Guild wizard running that particular scenario is ready to cast *feather fall* immediately upon signs of trouble.

Other dangers are more artificial, like falling into a pool of water that represents acid. In any case, the official has the power to declare any PC "dead" at any time, and he does so if he has to save the PC or if the PC commits a "lethal" act (like falling into a pool of "acid"). PCs that have been declared "dead" are not allowed to participate further in the scenario in which they "died," and they receive no points for that scenario. They are allowed to watch their teammates finish the scenario without them, but any assistance on their part, whether it be actual participation in accomplishing the scenario's goal or even shouting suggestions from the sidelines are grounds for disqualification of the entire team. Once the team moves on to the next scenario, the "dead" PC is restored to "living" status and continues as before.

As the PCs complete each scenario, record their scores on the score sheet provided. This makes it easier for the players to see how well their PCs are doing and, more importantly, lets the DM tally the final scores when the Challenge of Champions is over.

Players Introduction

> The morning of the contest, your team gathers at the edge of the city. Many colorful tents have been set up in preparation for the events, and you are led to one of them by a member of the Adventurers' Guild. There you are asked to sign in and take your places at one of the benches inside the tent. Once all of the contest participants arrive, a Guild spokesman goes over the rules, and team numbers are announced.

At this point, the DM should give the players a brief summary of the competition rules and answer any questions they may have about them. Once the players are satisfied that they understand, the DM can continue to read or paraphrase the following:

> Your team is number ten. Nine other teams will start through the scenarios before you begin the sequence. This gives you over two hours before it's your turn, during which time you may talk with your fellow competitors, browse through the various Guild exhibits set up in the tents, or plan strategies among yourselves. Many vendors have set up carts from which they hawk their wares to the waiting contest participants and the crowds of excited city dwellers eager to see the results of the contest.
>
> The first team is led out of the tent, off to begin the first scenario. You hear a scornful snort from behind you. "They're wasting their time," says a gruff voice.

The voice belongs to a dwarven fighter enrolled in the contest as part

of the team calling themselves the Squad of the Skull. The Squad members are all dressed in black and seem to hold the other contest participants in disdain. They are overwhelmingly confident that they will win the contest hands down, and they are more than willing to put their money where their mouths are, in the form of a side wager.

Such a wager is a good opportunity for the DM to get a little role-playing into the otherwise puzzle-oriented adventure. The side wager can also serve as a fall-back reward for the PCs, so that even if they don't win first place in the Challenge of Champions, they can at least take heart in the fact that they beat the obnoxious Squad of the Skull.

The amount of the wager is left up to the DM, as are the particulars (each PC can bet his or her Squad counterpart on their own individual scores, or the two teams can bet on their overall team scores, or a combination of the two), but another team (the Dragonfighters) is on hand to document and verify the wager. Each Squad member is willing to go as high as 200 gp on their individual scores, with an extra 500 gp on their team as a whole. Obviously, the opportunity to "put the money up front" won't exist, as none of the contestants are allowed to bring anything into the contest with them, but the Dragonfighters will help to ensure that the losers of the bet pay up. As for the Squad of the Skull, despite their obnoxious nature, they are honorable in their way, and they pay the PCs if the PCs beat them in the contest.

The two hours pass quickly. Before you know it, you are approached by a red-bearded Guild warrior named Jayme, who escorts you to the starting area. A fussy little Guild wizard, Kuthbar, examines each member of your team using a *detect magic* spell, to ensure that you're not trying to smuggle anything of a magical nature into the contest, and the warrior gives everyone a quick frisk as well, explaining that even something as simple as a tiny lockpick could cause an unfair advantage to an adventuring team. Once they are sure that you haven't tried sneaking anything into the contest, they take you to a door and usher you through it. The contest has begun!

Going through the door, you see a small room and a wizard wearing the red robes of the proctors of the Adventurers' Guild. He introduces himself as Mussfinch and says he's officiating the first scenario. There is a pile of equipment on the floor by his feet: two small bags, each embroidered with a set of unknown runes, a small spool of thread, and a hand mirror.

"Take a good look at these bags," says Mussfinch. "One of them is a packet of *dust of disappearance*, and the other is a packet of dust of *sneezing and choking*." He explains how to use them, but he doesn't reveal which bag is which. Behind him is an open doorway, beyond which you can see a room similar to the one you are in.

Mussfinch appears to be waiting for a signal of some sort, and suddenly, the piercing shriek of a whistle goes off. The wizard pulls a card from inside his robe and begins to give you your task briefing.

"In the next room is a door guarded by two iron cobras. They have been instructed to attack everyone they see inside the room. Your task is to get past the cobras and through the door within the quarter-hour time limit, using only your wits and the equipment provided. Please pay close attention to the numerous sliding bolts barring the door shut from the inside, and plan your strategy accordingly, for it will take at least a minute to undo them all and get the door open." Mussfinch gives you a curt nod and says, "Good luck." The clock is now running, and your adventure has begun!

Scenario #1: Cobra Guard

The iron cobras have been instructed to attack all they see enter the room. They do not leave the room they're in, which is lit with a *continual light* spell. The door they guard has over a dozen sliding bolts barring it shut, running the length of the door from top to bottom, requiring a PC to spend one entire round just getting it open. The two packets of dust are marked with symbols (see the illustration on page 37). They are otherwise identical in appearance.

Scoring: The team earns 10 points per PC who makes it through the door within the 15-minute time limit.

Solution: The PCs should use the hand mirror to identify the packets of dust: by placing it perpendicularly over the markings on each packet, the letters are reflected to read "CHOKE" and "HIDE." The school solution is to use the one marked "HIDE" to turn the party invisible, then walk past the iron cobras, open the door, and exit. The iron cobras do not harm the party as long as they are invisible.

DM Notes: It might be helpful to the players actually to have a hand mirror when their PCs are going through this scenario. If the DM does provide a real mirror, he should also provide a real spool of thread, so the mirror's usefulness doesn't become obvious.

If the party opens the wrong packet, the *dust of sneezing and choking* causes them to do nothing but sneeze and cough violently for 5d4 rounds. The 5d4 is calculated once for the entire party, after which time they may continue their actions. Of course, this may well put them over their time limit. The spool of thread is essentially a red herring; it is not needed. Any PCs still under the effects of the *dust of disappearance* at the completion of this scenario have *dispel magic* cast on them before the start of the second scenario.

Iron cobras (2): INT non-; AL N; AC 0; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–3; SA paralyzes victims for 2–5 rounds unless save vs. poison; SD nonmagical weapons cause only half damage; SZ S (3′ long); ML 12; XP 420; MC 14.

Once the PCs have finished—or failed—the test, read or paraphrase the following:

Another whistle marks the end of the first scenario's time limit. Mussfinch asks you to return the equipment you used to its starting position and records your score on a sheet of paper. Opening the door the iron cobras were guarding, he is met by a Guild priest who introduces himself as Parnival, the proctor of the second scenario.

Parnival takes the score sheet and leads you down a short flight of steps carved into the earth. Apparently the second scenario takes place underground. Sure enough, you are led to a tall chamber, lit by a *continual light* spell. There is a low wall separating the chamber from the tunnel beyond, and another short wall hangs from

the ceiling directly over it. You cannot see what lies in the tunnel beyond, but strange grating noises can be heard coming from that direction from time to time.

Parnival directs your attention to your starting equipment. It consists of a metal spear, a twenty-foot-long wooden ladder, a two-foot diameter stone, and two spell scrolls. The scrolls he gives to the team's spellcasters: a *light* spell scroll for the wizard and a *dispel magic* spell scroll for the priest. He asks you to read them over and to be sure they understand their workings.

Once that is done, the whistle is heard, and Parnival pulls out a card from his robe and begins reading you the task briefing.

"On the other side of this ridge is a purple worm," announces Parnival. "Hidden inside an acid-resistant bag in the worm's stomach is the Fighter medallion, as well as a special surprise that might come in handy in an emergency.

"The warrior's task is to enter the worm's stomach and fetch the medallion—but be quick! Six minutes spent inside the beast, and its stomach acid will kill you! As for the others, you may concentrate on another goal: how to open the trap door you see above you." Parnival points with his hand to the ceiling, where a trap door can be seen fifteen feet above. "By the end of the fifteen minutes, the medallion must be recovered, and all four of you must be through the trap door. Good luck to you!"

Scenario #2: Fighter's Challenge

Only the starting area is lit with a *continual light* spell. The trap door is 15′ from the floor. Note that the purple worm is not real, merely a convincing illusion.

Scoring: The team gains 10 points per PC that makes it through the trap door by the end of the 15-minute time limit. However, the warrior receives only 5 points if someone else has to go into the worm's mouth for him, or if he fails to get the fighter medallion before exiting through the trap door.

Solution: The warrior takes the spear and stabs the interior of the purple worm's mouth, wedging the spear in place and preventing the mouth from closing. The wizard casts *light* on the stone, and the warrior takes the stone and enters the worm's stomach via the mouth. Once there, he grabs the bag, which contains the fighter medallion and a potion of *gaseous form*, then he returns the way he came. Meanwhile, the other three PCs break the 20′ ladder down to 15′, allowing two of them to steady it while the other opens the trap door on the ceiling. All four climb the ladder and exit the scenario via the trap door.

DM Notes: The "purple worm" is strictly illusory, but it's an extremely well-crafted illusion, complete with visual, auditory, olfactory, and tactile sensations.

The PC inside the worm is unable to locate the bag without a light source. The bag is coated with "oil of acid resistance" (actually, a normal, non-magical mineral oil) to protect a PC from the worm's digestive juices—were it, in fact, a real worm.

The PC takes up to four rounds to reach the bag: have the PC make three Dexterity checks; for each one that's successful, one round is subtracted from the time it takes. The procedure is the same for the trip back, but if the PC runs out of time, he may drink the potion of *gaseous form* (plainly labeled as such) provided in the bag (remember that only six rounds may be spent inside the purple worm—after that, the worm's digestive juices would immediately kill anyone still inside. For purposes of the contest, anyone still inside the worm after six rounds is declared "dead"—unless in gaseous form—and gains no points for the scenario. As the worm is in fact an illusion, however, no actual acid damage is sustained).

While in gaseous form, the warrior can make it safely out of the worm and up through the trap door (once it's opened). The priest's *dispel magic* returns the warrior to his normal form, but this is not necessary for successful completion of the scenario. However, the warrior is returned to normal form before the start of the next scenario. The trap door has a large round handle that must be turned (like the hatch on a ship), and it opens upward into the room above. If the warrior is successful in getting the fighter medallion, he wears it in subsequent scenarios.

Purple worm: INT non-; AL N; AC 6; MV 0 (it's currently immobile); HD 15; hp 62; THAC0 5; #AT 1 (drops to 0 once spear is in place—narrow tunnel prevents tail attack); Dmg 2–24; SA swallows whole; SZ G (25′+ long; ML 12; XP 1,000 (suggested for this scenario); *MM*/364.

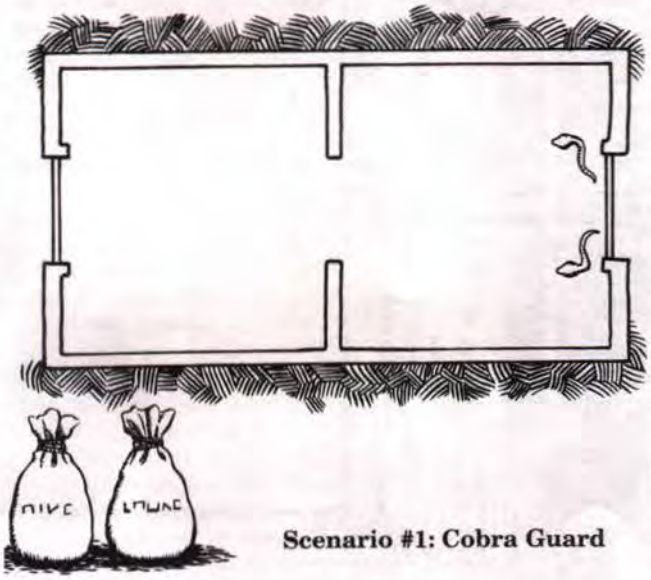
At the end of the second scenario, you find yourselves through the trap door and back at ground level. An usher takes your score sheet from Parnival and escorts you to the next station, hidden from view behind an obscuring wall. You are introduced to Mercurio, the Guild wizard proctoring the third scenario. He hands over your equipment: a dagger, a helmet, a ten-foot pole, and two twenty-foot ropes. Mercurio explains that one of the ropes is a *rope of climbing*, and the other, a *rope of constriction*. Just as in the first scenario, though, no explanation is given as to which one is which.

Beyond the obscuring wall, the layout is a simple one: a twenty-foot wide pool of water separates the area at which you start from another area of equal size. Jutting up from the pool, equidistant from each side, are two poles with a crossbeam attached. The crossbeam is ten feet taller than the surface of the ground.

Once the whistle blows, Mercurio reads you your task briefing. "A simple task for you this time: merely get across the pool of water, or 'river,' if you will. One word of warning, though, my friends: we've taken the liberty of stocking our river with piranha, so please take care not to fall in!"

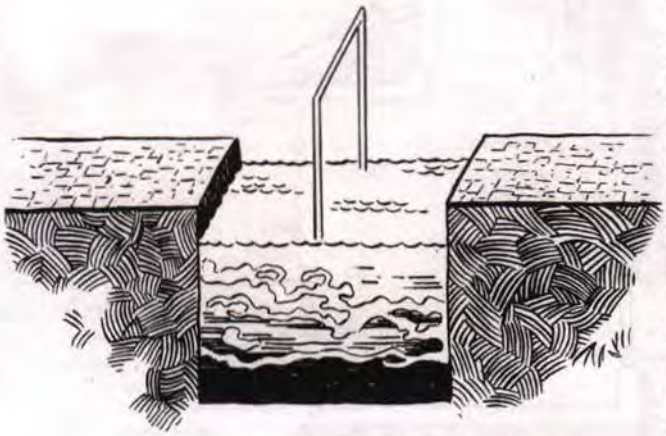
Scenario #3: River Crossing

Neither of the magical ropes is marked in either way, and there is no way to identify which is which without actual trial and error. Each rope is only 20′ long. The helmet is metal and fits an adult human. The water is ruled to be inhabited by vicious piranha, and anyone falling into the water is immediately eaten alive and receives no points for the scenario. The river is 20′ wide, and the pole is 10′ taller than the surface the PCs begin on.



Scenario #1: Cobra Guard

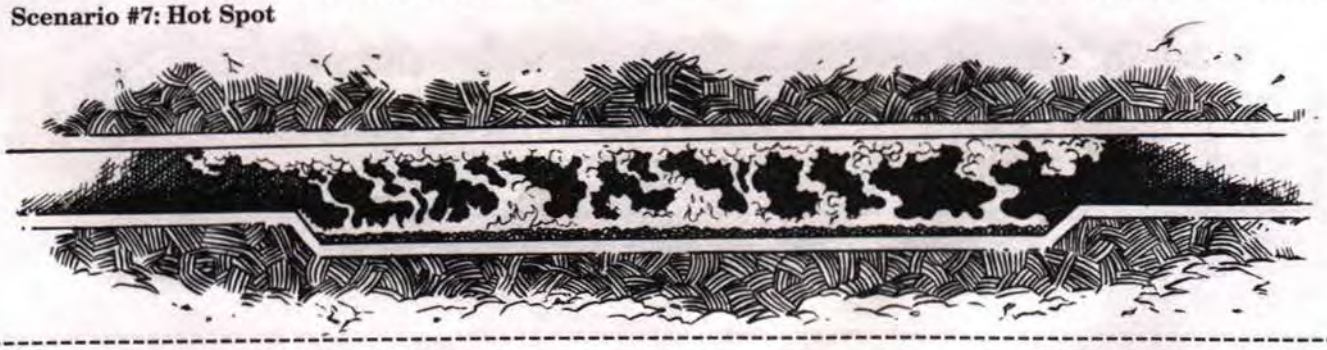
Scenario #2: Fighter's Challenge



Scenario #3: River Crossing

Scenario #4: Thief's Challenge

Scenario #7: Hot Spot



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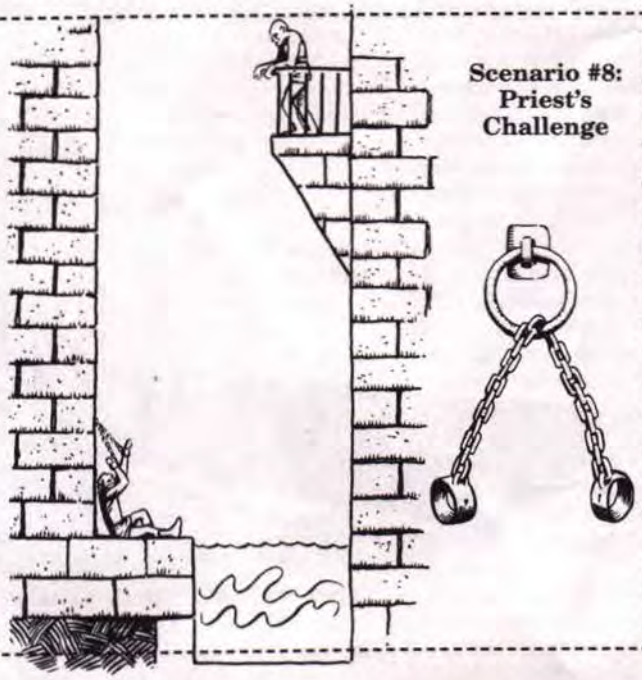
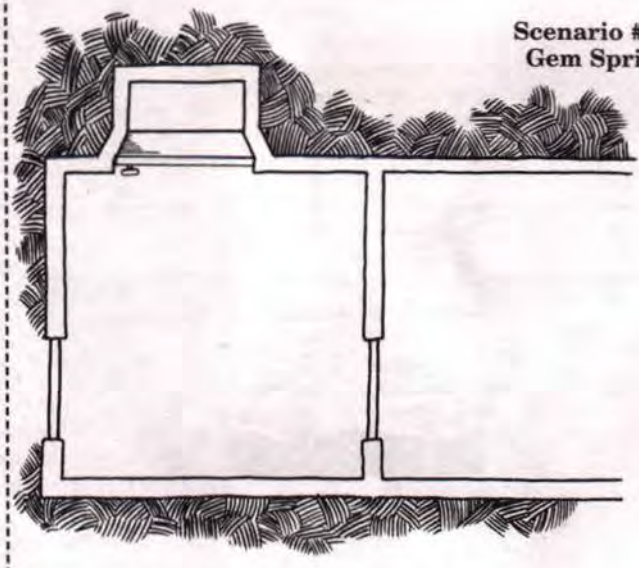
Scenario #5:
Dragon's Den

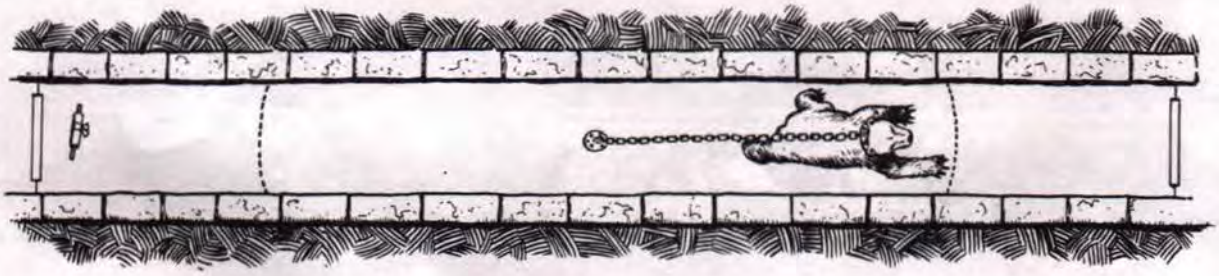
Scenario #6:
Mage's Challenge



Scenario #8:
Priest's
Challenge



Scenario #10:
Gem Sprite



Scenario #9:
Bear Sentry

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Scoring: The PCs receive 10 points per PC that successfully makes it across the river within the 15 minute time limit, without falling into the water. Five points are deducted if the PC's foot touches the water as he swings across.

Solution: The PCs tie the two ropes together, then tie one end of the combined rope to the helmet. Next, holding the other end of the rope, a PC throws the helmet up over the bar, taking the rope with it. Next a PC uses the pole to hit the helmet, making it swing back and forth like a pendulum, until it can be grasped by one of the PCs. Then, either by making a slip knot or using both ropes together, each PC swings across the river Tarzan-style and swings the rope back to the others until everyone has crossed.

DM Notes: Of course, the PCs can always grab one rope at the beginning and command it to attach itself to the pole. If they're lucky enough to have grabbed the *rope of climbing* (50/50 chance), then they can swing across the river using only it, and never have to touch the other rope. If they guess wrong, though, and try to use the *rope of constriction* in the same manner, it wraps around the neck of the person holding it and that of one other PC within 5′ (remember, this rope is smaller than a normal one—in all other aspects it is treated as a normal-sized *rope of constriction*).

The dagger is available specifically to use against the rope, if the need arises. This event is proctored by an 18th-level wizard from the Adventurers' Guild, and if he deems it necessary, he casts *dispel magic* on the rope in order to save the lives of those being constricted. This action, of course, eliminates those PCs that had to be saved from participating in the remainder of this scenario, as they're officially "dead." PCs who fail a Dexterity check while swinging across the river fall into the water and are declared "dead," as they have been eaten by piranhas. (This is briefed to the PCs; there are actually no real fish in the water). The Guild wizard's ruling is final in this regard.

Another whistle blows, marking the end of the scenario's time limit. You are led back down a set of stairs and find yourselves below the level of the ground again, in a corridor ten feet wide. The proctor this time is another priest, this one a young woman named Marilyssa. Your starting equipment is in a pile at your feet: a set of thieves' picks and tools, two medium-sized shields (one wooden, one metal), and a wooden dowel with *continual light* cast on it. The corridor extends thirty feet or so, then is blocked by a wall with a door, and a hole some three feet wide lying fifteen feet from the floor.

"The door is locked," Marilyssa explains, "but on the other side of it is a board, ten feet long and two feet square. It is yours to use if you can get to it." You notice that most of the floor is covered in a sticky, green substance.

Once the whistle blows, marking the start of the scenario, Marilyssa reads you your task briefing. "Your goal is simple, at least in theory: you must all get to the other side of the locked door. Making this somewhat more difficult in practice is the heavy growth of green slime covering most of the floor. Be warned: prolonged contact with the slime can be deadly! Should you touch any of it, scrape it away at once, lest it mean your death! I wish good luck to each of you, but especially to the rogue, who will earn the Thief's medallion if successful in this venture."

Scenario #4: Thief's Challenge

The hallway is 10′ wide and 30′ long before it is blocked by a locked door. The entire section of floor is covered in green slime, with the exception of three areas, each 2′ in diameter. Above the door is a small hole, 3′ in diameter and 15′ from the floor.

Scoring: The team wins 10 points per PC who successfully makes it to the other side of the door within the 15 minute time limit. The rogue PC receives only 5 points if he isn't the one that opens the door for the other PCs.

Solution: The rogue PC takes a shield, jumps from "island" to "island," places the shield face-down on the green slime, and stands on it. The other PCs each get on an "island" and pass the other equipment to the rogue. The rogue uses the two shields as makeshift "islands," standing on one and picking the other one up and repositioning it farther down the hallway, then stepping across to that one, working his way down to the door in that manner. When he gets there, he attempts to pick the lock using the thieves' picks and tools. If successful, he goes through the door. If not, he can get to the other side by using his Climb Walls ability to go through the hole above the door. In either case, once on the other side, the rogue finds a wooden board (2′ × 2′ × 10′) that can be placed on the floor between the wooden shield and the nearest "island," forming a bridge for the other PCs to use to get across.

DM Notes: By the time the rogue PC gets to the door, the green slime eats through the metal shield, leaving him only the wooden shield on which to stand. He has only one attempt at picking the lock. The Open Locks roll is made normally, but this lock will be opened in 1d4 rounds (assuming it's successful). If the rogue decides to try climbing up through the hole, the Climb Walls roll is made at +5% normal chance. If the Climb Walls roll is unsuccessful, the rogue rolls a Dexterity check, with success indicating that he landed on the shield when he fell, not in the green slime.

The door can be unlocked from the other side with ease (no Open Locks roll necessary). When the other PCs walk over the plank, they must make a Dexterity check in order to be successful. If the plank was placed in the middle of the corridor, the check is made normally. If it was placed within arm's reach of one of the walls, the Dexterity check is made at +6. Failing the Dexterity check means stepping into the green slime.

The slime can be quickly scraped off if it's only on the bottom of a shoe or boot, but falling headlong into it (indicated by any Dexterity check that fails by 5 or more) is grounds for intervention by the Adventurers' Guild priest acting as proctor for this scenario. Marilyssa casts *cure disease* on the afflicted person if she deems it necessary, and that person is removed from the scenario and receives no points. Note that if the rogue PC falls into the slime before opening the door, he runs

Skragga's Revenge

Skragga, the wizard and leader of the disqualified team "Skragga's Minions," has sworn revenge on the Adventurers' Guild for accusing him of cheating. He sees himself as the rightful winner of the contest, for had he been allowed to finish, there is no doubt in his mind that his superior intellect would have led him and his team to victory.

Unfortunately Skragga, although he is a 14th-level wizard, does not have any spells memorized except *read magic* (he had a *Drawmij's instant summons* but has already cast it, teleporting his *ring of telekinesis* to him, thinking it would be a useful item allowing him to cheat during the scenarios). He didn't bother memorizing any other spells before the contest because he didn't think he could smuggle in the required material components and be able to cast spells without being caught (as it is, he only just managed to have the ruby needed for the *Drawmij's instant summons* spell smuggled in by *unseen servant*, and only dared casting the spell in what he thought was the security of the purple worm's interior). He doesn't have time to study any spells in order to foul up the contest for the other competitors, so he has to improvise.

Right now, Skragga's plan is as follows: head back to Scenario #1 and steal a bag of *dust of disappearance*. Then, under cover of invisibility, observe the other competitors and sabotage any team that looks like it has a chance for a perfect score. He won't bother any team during the early scenarios, positioning himself instead at Scenario #8: Priest's Challenge. This is the easiest one for him to sabotage, since three of the adventurers start out in a position of virtual helplessness, and Skragga can direct his attention on one individual, the priest.

If, by the time the PCs reach Scenario #8, they have a perfect score and the DM thinks the players might appreciate more of a challenge, he can have Skragga try to mess up their perfect score. At the beginning of the scenario, when the warrior, wizard, and rogue are chained and gagged, Skragga tries using his *ring of telekinesis* to tug a piece of the priest's starting equipment off the ledge and into the "acid" below. Obviously, Skragga tries for the ring of keys if at all possible, for if he can get them removed from the scenario, there is virtually no chance for successful completion. Unfortunately for Skragga, from where he is, it's hard to see the items up at the priest's level. His attempt dislodges one of the items (roll 1d4: 1—keys, 2—ball of twine, 3—scroll, 4—mouse), and it will appear that the priest accidentally knocked it off of the ledge (Skragga's invisible, remember). If Skragga doesn't get the keys on the first attempt, he'll see how well the PCs fare, using his ring a second time only if absolutely necessary, not wanting to draw their suspicions or those of the Guild priest proctoring the event.

If by some chance the PCs manage to survive Skragga's manipulations and still have a perfect score going into Scenario #9, he ups the stakes: in desperation, he uses his ring to unclip the chain from the bear's collar, allowing it to attack the PCs. In fact, in such an event, the bear gets to attack for one round before the Guild priest in charge of this scenario manages to cast a *hold animal* spell, subduing the bear. In this case, much to the consternation of Skragga, the priest rules that the bear's escape was accidental and in no way due to fault on the part of the PCs, so he reattaches the chain, undoes his spell, and allows the party to continue the scenario at the point at which it was stopped.

The DM must bear in mind that Skragga only attempts to sabotage the PCs' progress if they have a perfect score going into Scenario #8, and then only at the DM's discretion. Many players will resent the fact that Skragga's intervention prevents them from achieving a perfect score, and if this is the case, it is better for all involved if Skragga is unable to put his plans in motion. Perhaps he finds the *dust of disappearance* from Scenario #1 under heavier guard than he suspected.

In any case, regardless of whether or not he gets to meddle in the other competitors' scenarios, Skragga still sees the wizard's trophy and mage medallion as his. Sometime in the near future, Skragga hunts down the wizard who wins the Challenge of Champions and attempts to retrieve "his" property. Skragga is a 14th-level mage of chaotic evil alignment. He may or may not be accompanied by the three individuals comprising his "minions" in the contest. The details of Skragga and his henchmen are left to the DM to design as he sees fit.

the risk of stranding the rest of his party. Some PCs might try to use a shield to slide across the green slime, but this idea does not work—the inherent stickiness of the slime prevents this. The rogue PC is rewarded with a thief medallion upon successful completion of this scenario; this medallion is worn in subsequent scenarios.

Green slime: INT non-; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 0; SA turns flesh to green slime in 1d4 rounds; SD immune to most attacks; SZ H (24' long); XP 120; *MM*/278.

You are sent down the corridor, which makes a right turn and empties into the starting area of the fifth scenario. This time your proctor is another wizard, Scarrolupio by name. He shows you your starting equipment, which this time consists of a ten foot pole, a twenty foot coil of rope, a *ring of levitation,* and a priest spell scroll, *silence 15' radius.* Scarrolupio demonstrates the use of the ring and advises your priest to read over the scroll.

Ahead of you is a wide pit. Scarrolupio leads you to the edge and invites you to look down.

"The pit drops a good fifty feet before bottoming out, and it is the resting place of a sleeping dragon," whispers the wizard. "It would be best not to wake him, if you value your lives."

The pit has a hemispherical opening above it, and this area is lit with a *continual light* spell, but the light does not reach down to the pit's bottom, so you cannot see the dragon. Directly across from you is a tunnel similar in size and shape to the one you are in.

Once the whistle blows, marking the start of the scenario, Scarrolupio whispers the task briefing for this scenario to you.

"In the next quarter hour, you must each make the crossing to the other side of the tunnel, without waking the sleeping dragon below. You have the equipment provided and your own good sense. I will add only that the walls of this pit are climbable, but there are many loose rocks along the walls, and—were a rock to fall—no doubt the dragon would wake, thus ending not only the scenario but

also quite possibly your lives. I trust you will make your own decisions as to the best way to proceed. Good luck, and please: keep it quiet."

Scenario #5: Dragon's Den

The tunnel is 10′ in diameter. The pit the PCs must cross is 20′ in diameter, with a hemispherical opening above it, 10′ taller than the ceiling of the tunnel at its highest point. The rock walls of the pit are climbable, but there seem to be many loose rocks, any one of which would wake the dragon sleeping below if it fell. The dragon rests 50′ below.

Scoring: The team wins 10 points per PC on the other side of the pit at the end of the 15-minute time period or when the dragon is awakened.

Solution: One PC grabs one end of the rope, puts on the ring, and *levitates* slightly off the floor. Another PC uses the 10′ pole to push him in the middle of the pit, where he levitates higher. The other PCs swing across the pit, one at a time, using the rope held by the levitating PC. Once the other three are across, the levitating PC can be pulled in by the rope.

DM Notes: The *silence 15′ radius* spell is not needed, as long as the PCs do not make any noises louder than a normal talking voice. Anything louder than that wakes the dragon, who reaches the PCs in one round (actually, the dragon is an illusion controlled by the Guild wizard proctoring this scenario).

In any case, if the spell is used, the DM should pay attention to what it is cast on, as a PC at the end of the 20′ rope is not silenced if the spell is centered on the PC levitating at the other end of the rope. Rogue PCs can try to use their Climb Walls ability in order to cross the pit; but, if they do so, they must make three successful Dexterity checks (one when starting the climb, one at the halfway point, and one when stepping onto the floor at the other side) in order to make it across without sending a loose stone down on the dragon. If this happens, the dragon is awakened and attacks in one minute's time. At this point (one round after the falling rock), the scenario is halted, and all PCs still on the starting side of the pit are declared "dead." Those that have already made it past the pit at that time receive the full 10 points. If a PC falls into the pit, he is declared "dead," and the scenario is run as described above for a falling rock. However, the "50′ pit" is as illusory as the dragon; in fact, it is only a 10′ pit filled with soft sand, so PCs falling into it suffer no real damage.

At the end of the Dragon's Den scenario, you are met by an usher who takes you back up to the ground level, then over to an impressive-looking structure, towering over forty feet above. A Guild wizard named Julian proctors this scenario, and he introduces himself to you and shows you your starting equipment: a coil of rope some thirty feet long, an oval body shield, and a wizard spell scroll, *rope trick,* which Julian hands to the team's wizard, with instructions to read it over. He then informs you that there is another length of rope, this one only ten feet long, on top of the platform forty feet above, between a set of two large boulders, two feet apart.

At the whistle, Julian reads you your task briefing. "I hope no one suffers from a fear of heights, because your task this time is for all four of you to make it to the top"—here he points to the forty-foot high structure—"within the next 15 minutes, using the equipment provided. Good luck, and happy climbing!"

Almost as an afterthought, he winks to your wizard and says, "There's a Mage medallion in it for you, you know. It's all yours, if you can get up to it in time."

Scenario #6: Mage's Challenge

The cliff is 40′ high and unclimbable. The body shield is a wooden oval and stands 4′ tall and 3′ wide. At the top of the cliff are two large boulders, 2′ apart, and the 10′ rope is between them.

Scoring: The team gains 10 points per PC at the top of the cliff by the end of the 15-minute time limit.

Solution: The warrior, priest, and rogue hold the body shield out level between them at the bottom of the cliff, and the wizard climbs on top of it, holding both the rope and the scroll. Once on, the other three hold the shield up over their heads, and the wizard casts the *rope trick* spell. The rope rises straight up, allowing one PC to climb it to the top and throw the 10′ rope down to the others. They tie the 10′ rope to the end of the 30′ rope and climb to the top of the cliff.

DM Notes: A common error is for the wizard to cast the *rope trick* spell while at ground level. In this case, the rope rises 30′ into the air, 10′ short of the top of the cliff. Once this is done, however, it is still possible to complete the goal, although it's a bit more difficult. The shield must be tied to the end of the rope. One PC climbs to the top of the rope, and pulls the shield up. Then, the shield must be hurled (or swung at the end of the rope like a pendulum) to the top of the cliff, and land so that it becomes lodged between the two boulders (this requires a Dexterity check at –4), allowing the PC to climb to the top.

Once on the top, the PC can throw the shield down to the rest of his team (or untie the shield and just throw down the rope) and let the others repeat the process, one by one. The Dexterity check made by subsequent PCs to get the rope up to the top of the cliff is made at only –2, as they can expect some assistance by the PC(s) already at the top. Throwing the 10′ rope down to the others does little at this point, as the 30′ rope is still firmly attached to a point in space 10′ short of the top of the cliff.

In any case, if the wizard gets to the top he receives the mage medallion; this medallion is worn during future scenarios.

If a PC falls off the rope or the top of the cliff, Julian immediately casts a *feather fall* spell on him. Of course, this automatically disqualifies that individual from participating further in this scenario, as he is declared "dead" and receives no points. The ruling of the proctor is final in this regard.

After the Wizard's Challenge, you are ushered back below ground level. This time you met by a Guild warrior named Justin. He gives you three items, each of them magical: a *ring of fire resistance,* a *ring of reptile control,* and a potion of *growth.* After describing the use of each, he has you crawl into your starting positions, inside a five-foot-wide tunnel only two feet high. The tunnel floor lowers

just ahead, giving three feet of clearance from floor to ceiling, and stays that way for a distance of twenty feet before narrowing to two feet high again, but the twenty-foot section of tunnel is covered in a bed of hot coals.

At the whistle, Justin reads you your task briefing. "Okay, listen up. You have fifteen minutes to cross this bed of coals and get to the other side. Shouldn't be a problem, since all your equipment is magical this time, right? Have at it!"

Scenario #7: Hot Spot

The tunnel is 5′ wide, and only 2′ tall at the start and end. The bed of coals is 20′ long and 1′ lower than the rest of the tunnel. The only illumination is from the glowing coals themselves. The *ring of reptile control* works the same as a *ring of mammal control*, with the only exception being it affects reptiles instead of mammals.

Scoring: The PCs receive 10 points per PC that crosses the bed of coals within the 15 minute time period.

Solution: First, the PCs should scan the bed of coals and notice that it is inhabited by a fire snake (a successful Wisdom check allows a PC that states he is visually searching the coals to spot it). Then they use the *ring of reptile control* to make the fire snake approach the PCs. Next, the PCs should feed it the potion of *growth* and, once it attains it full size (27′ long after the effects of the potion take hold), order it to stretch from one end of the bed of coals to the other, forming a bridge that the PCs can use to crawl to the other side.

DM Notes: If one of the PCs drinks the potion of *growth*, he becomes stuck in the passageway (it's only 2′ tall), possibly blocking any teammates behind him. The *ring of fire resistance* makes the wearer completely immune to the effects of the hot coals, but anyone trying to cross the coals without first dealing with the fire snake is bitten as he gets about halfway across. The fire snake is difficult to see, as it blends in perfectly with its environment (–4 to the PCs' Surprise Rolls), and anyone bitten must save vs. poison or be paralyzed for 2d4 turns. In the event that a PC is paralyzed, he receives the full 10 points if the rest of his party can get him across the coals within the time limit. Any paralyzed PCs receive the antidote to the fire snake's poison at the end of the scenario and are fully restored to their normal movement before starting the next one.

Fire snake: INT semi-; AL N; AC 6; MV 4; HD 2; hp 9; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4; SA paralyzation; SD immune to fire; SZ S (3′ long); ML 11; XP 120; *MM*/103.

For the next scenario, your party is separated for the first time since starting the contest. The priest is escorted by Father Quespin, the Guild priest proctoring the eighth scenario, to a balcony-like platform overlooking a small ledge some twenty feet below. In front of the ledge is a pool of acid, from which vantage the priest watches as his three teammates are led to the ledge, where they are gagged and their hands bound in manacles attached by chains to three large rings in the wall.

Father Quespin goes over the starting equipment with your team's priest. It consists of a heavy ring of keys, a ball of twine, a little white mouse, and a priest spell scroll, *messenger*. Once the whistle blows, Quespin reads the task briefing:

"Below, you see your friends in shackles. Your job is to free them, however you are able. Your Priest medallion is down there with them. Please, though, take note of the pool directly below. It is filled with acid, so anything you drop into it is quickly dissolved, and the gods help the poor soul who falls into it himself. Faith be with you, my child. I am sure you can overcome the obstacles that bar your success in this venture."

Scenario #8: Priest's Challenge

The warrior, wizard, and rogue begin this scenario on the lower level, gagged, with their hands manacled to 8′ chains looped through a ring which is attached to the wall. On the floor by these three lies the priest medallion. The priest starts at the upper level, some 20′ above the others, with all of the equipment noted above. Below the priest and in front of the others is a pool of acid. The key ring is welded shut, and the

Team Results

Team Scores (by scenario)

Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	TOTAL
Knightmares	40	40	40	30	40	40	40	20	40	40	370
The Shadowmen	40	40	20	40	20	40	40	40	40	40	360
Dragonfighters	40	40	35	40	40	30	20	30	40	40	355
The Amazons	0	30	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	35	345
The Taverndwellers	40	40	35	40	40	0	40	35	40	30	340
Squad of the Skull	0	40	30	40	40	10	40	0	40	30	270
The Band of Four	40	40	40	40	0	0	40	0	40	30	270
Bisquayne's Army	40	40	40	0	20	0	10	40	40	30	260
The Scorpions	40	35	35	20	40	0	0	0	40	30	240
Four Fat Guys	20	10	20	0	0	10	10	20	30	35	155
The Snowdevils	0	30	10	40	10	0	0	0	10	0	100
Skragga's Minions	40	*									0

*This team was disqualified when the wizard, inside the purple worm with the warrior, tried using a *Drawmij's instant summons* spell to teleport a *ring of telekinesis* to him, thinking he could do so without being discovered.

keys cannot be removed from the ring. One of the keys is small enough to fit the manacles; the others are obviously too big.

Scoring: The team receives 10 points per PC that makes it to the upper level within the 15-minute time limit. The priest earns only 10 points if he manages to rescue at least one of his party members and recovers his priest medallion. If he accomplishes one but not both of the above conditions, he receives only 5 points.

Solution: The priest casts *messenger* on the mouse, attaches one end of the twine to it, and lowers it down to the other PCs with instructions to crawl onto one of their hands. Once this is done, the priest slides the key ring down the twine to the other PC, who uses it to free himself and the others. Once the three PCs are freed, they can link their three chains together by the manacles to form a 24′ chain, which they can toss up to the priest. The priest steadies it so they can climb up the chain to the upper level.

DM Notes: Until the three other PCs are ungagged, the players using those PCs are not allowed to speak. This puts the burden of coming up with at least a partial solution on the priest. The scroll and mouse are not essential to the solution noted above. Instead, the twine can be tied to the key ring and lowered to the captive PCs, but this requires a successful Dexterity check on the part of both the priest and the PC attempting to catch the key ring. The "acid" is in fact just cold water, but anyone falling into it will be declared "dead" by the Guild priest proctoring this scenario. Similarly, anything falling into the acid is declared "dissolved," and it cannot be used in the rest of the scenario. The Guild priest's ruling is final in all such occurrences.

After the Priest's Challenge, your team is reunited and led to the next scenario starting area, a section of corridor five feet wide, fifteen feet high, and fifty feet long. There is a bear on a fifteen-foot length of chain, which is centered in the corridor. Another Guild Priest proctors this scenario, Lydric by name, and he shows you the equipment you'll be using: two rocks and a *portable hole*. He also informs you that there's a priest spell scroll, *invisibility to animals*, on the far side of the corridor.

At the whistle, Lydric reads you your task briefing. "You must get all the way down to the end of the corridor, past the bear. I must warn you that the bear is vicious and prone to attack anyone who gets within range. Remember your equipment: two rocks and a *hole,* and yonder, a scroll. Good luck!"

Scenario #9: Bear Sentry

The tunnel is 15′ × 5′ × 50′. The bear wears a collar, by which he is chained to the center of the tunnel. The chain itself is 15′ long, which leaves a "safe zone" of 10′ at each end of the tunnel where the bear cannot reach.

Scoring: The PCs earn 10 points per PC that crosses to the other side of the bear within the 15-minute time limit.

Solution: The priest and two others climb into the *portable hole*. The other PC folds it up, wraps it around one of the rocks, and throws it to the other end of the tunnel, out of the reach of the bear. The three get out of the *portable hole*, and the priest casts the *invisibility to animals* spell on one of

Individual Scores

Team	Wizard	Warrior	Priest	Rogue
Knightmares	90	90	**90**	**100**
The Shadowmen	**100**	**100**	80	80
Dragonfighters	**100**	90	75	90
The Amazons	90	75	**90**	90
The Taverndwellers	80	90	80	90
Squad of the Skull	65	70	55	80
The Band of Four	65	70	65	70
Bisquayne's Army	65	70	60	65
The Scorpions	50	65	55	70
Four Fat Guys	40	30	50	35
The Snowdevils	20	10	20	50
Skragga's Minions	10*	10*	10*	10*

*before disqualification
Numbers in **bold** indicate the top scores

them, who then takes the *hole* and walks safely past the bear. Once back at the starting point, the last of the PCs gets into the *hole,* and the invisible PC carries him past the bear.

DM Notes: The bear has been trained to attack intruders and does not hesitate to do so. Trying to use the *hole* as a net in which to trap the bear is not a good idea, as the bear's claws are sure to damage the fabric and render it non-magical. If the thrown PCs land in the reach of the bear, he attacks them, unless his attention is diverted immediately by the other PC (waving arms and shouting usually gets the desired effects). As long as the *portable hole* is only wrapped around the rock and thrown, the PCs inside the *hole* have no trouble getting out by themselves. If the *hole* is tied onto the rock somehow (with a boot lace or torn cloth from a shirt, for instance), it has to be untied by someone outside the *hole* before those inside can exit. A PC under the effects of the *invisibility to animals* spell is totally undetectable by the bear.

Brown Bear: INT semi-; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+5; hp 27; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6/1–8; SA hug for 2–8 if hits with a paw with an 18 or better; SZ L (9′); ML 15 (due to training); XP 420; *MM*/17.

At long last, the final scenario is at hand! You are brought to a room that is ten feet square. One wall holds a locked door; another holds a locked vault door. Next to the vault door is a series of four circular indentations. The proctor for this scenario is a Guild rogue named Luther. He hands you the starting equipment: a wizard spell scroll containing *detect magic* and a sealed parchment letter. Luther explains that you must not open the letter until the scenario has begun. He also checks to see that each team member is wearing their respective medallion, providing one for any who are not.

At the whistle, Luther reads you your task briefing. "The door is locked, and the key is stored inside the vault, here. Also stored in the vault is a special trophy, with a sprite carved out of a large gemstone. All you have to do is figure a way into the vault, grab the trophy, grab the key, open up the locked door, and it's upstairs to your cheering fans! Let's go!"

Scenario #10: Gem Sprite

The safe is built into the wall, and similar to a modern bank vault door, with a handle that must be rotated in order to open it. On the left of the safe are four circular indentations, one above the other. The door leading out of the room is locked, and cannot be opened without the key.

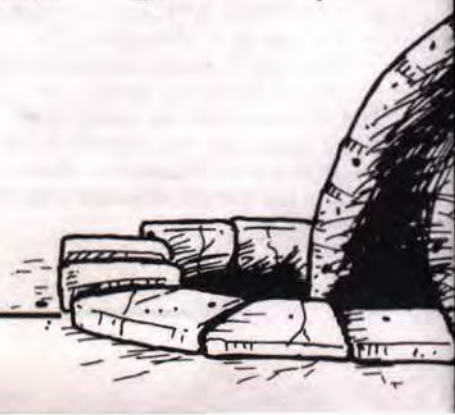
Scoring: The team is awarded 10 points per PC that exits the room within the 15-minute time limit. The PC receives only five points, however, if he makes it out of the room but did not earn his medallion in a previous scenario and had to be provided one at the beginning of this scenario.

Solution: Open the sealed parchment letter, which reads as follows:

A GEM
SPRITE
IF THE
FREIGHT
DOOR OPENS

The wizard casts *detect magic* and sees that the four medallions and the four circular indentations by the safe are magical in nature. The parchment is a clue, as the first four lines are anagrams of the four medallions. The medallions must be put in the following order, from top to bottom: mage, priest, thief, fighter. Once this is done, the safe opens, and the PCs can retrieve both the trophy and the key that unlocks the door.

DM Notes: There are 24 possible ways of placing the medallions in the indentations, and it takes one round per try to place all four of them and turn the handle on the safe. Therefore, it is possible to hit upon the right combination by trial and error, without even referencing the parchment. The trophy is 2′ tall, with the figure of a sprite carved out of a single gem on the top. Once through the door, the PCs find a set of stairs leading up, which takes them to a cheering audience, eagerly awaiting to see how they did.



Concluding the Adventure

Once the PCs have finished all ten of the scenarios, their scores are tallied, both as individuals and as a team. To compare the results of the other teams that participated in the Challenge of Champions, consult Tables 1 and 2, and see how the party fared against the others. In the event of a tie between two or more participants within a PC class, the winners are ranked in order of their team's overall scores.

The participants that earned their medallions in the course of the Challenge of Champions are allowed to keep them. Furthermore, the top three winners of each PC class get to have their medallions etched by *wizard mark* spell "1st," "2nd," or "3rd," as appropriate, to show their rankings among all of the contestants. The medallions are worth about a gold piece each, perhaps more to a collector. The winning team's four members each also receive a "gem sprite" trophy identical to the one used in the last scenario, engraved with their names, their team name, year, and "Challenge of Champions" along with the Adventurers' Guild crest. Its value is about 50 gp. Finally, the members of the winning team also receive a lifetime membership in the Adventurers' Guild.

However, those entering the Challenge of Champions in order to get monetary wealth have missed the point. The Adventurers' Guild sponsored the event as a way to test the local talent. They keep records on how each participant did on the various tasks, and those that did well might be invited to join upcoming Guild expeditions into unknown lands, or asked to join a Guild party ready to explore recently-unearthed ruins.

Once your team has finished all ten scenarios, you are escorted back to the tent where you first gathered. There, you find yourselves being pressed for information by the teams ahead of you. How did you do? Did you all earn your medallions? Did you make it past the one with the worm? Did you get past the bear? The questions are endless as the other teams try to gauge their success against yours.

Finally, though, all of the competitors arrive back at the tent, and everyone is ushered outside to a waiting audience. These are the townspeople, eager to see the outcome of the contest, and hoping that the team members from the local area did well.

The contestants are arranged in a semicircle around a wooden platform, upon which the Guildmaster of the Adventurers' Guild stands, a rather portly man in his late forties, named Farthingale. A hush falls across the audience as he starts to speak. He begins with the wizards, calling up the wizard who won third place among the wizard scores, then the second, and finally the winner. Each is given a wizard's medallion engraved with their standings. Then the wizards step down, and the process is repeated for the warriors, then the priests, and finally, the rogues. Then, the moment all have been waiting for: the winning team is announced! As the Guildmaster calls the team up, the crowd goes wild with cheers and applause. Four "gem sprite" trophies are handed out to the four members of the winning team, and congratulations are made all around.

From that point on, the contest is officially over, and the celebration begins. Food, wine, dancing and overall carousing begins in earnest, and lasts well into the night. The officials in the Adventurers' Guild are kept busy taking new applications, and word has it that there might well be another Challenge of Champions in the following year. Ω

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Side Treks

BY SAMUEL HEATH

Artwork by David Day

"The Ghost of Silverhill" is an AD&D® SideTrek adventure for 3–6 PCs of levels 1–4 (about 13 total levels). It is set in a temperate, forested climate, and begins in an old inn in a small village in the forest. The village of Shiningwater is used in the text, although the DM may easily replace it with any similar village. This adventure is especially well suited for use in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign, though it will fit well in any medieval-style fantasy world.

Adventure Background

Shiningwater is a cluster of about a score of buildings on the edge of a small lake with a surface as smooth as a mirror. The people of the village fish for rainbow trout, cultivate small gardens, and hunt for game in the surrounding forest. There is only one business in town: the Old Raccoon inn, which also contains a small general store where basic supplies can be purchased. The people of Shiningwater are a friendly lot, eager to welcome travelers.

For generations, a ghost has haunted the hills near the village. The story about the ghost's origin has been passed down through the village's storytellers, and now the aged Torik has the honor of relating the tale to all who will listen. The party should arrive in Shiningwater the evening before a full moon and obtain rooms at the inn. While the PCs eat dinner at the Old Raccoon, read the following to begin the adventure:

> As you eat your meal and work the knots out from your muscles after a hard day on the road, a clear voice cuts through the hum of conversations in the tavern. "Tonight," the voice says, "I will tell the story of the King of Silverhill. I think it appropriate, considering the phase of the moon."
>
> The room quiets instantly. You turn to see an old man with long silver hair and a beard to match. He is sitting in a large chair near the hearth. He winks at you as he begins his story.

> "A thousand years ago, there was a castle where this village now stands, and a king ruled here from a throne of silver. He was a good king, and his subjects loved him. They mined silver from the hills and fashioned beautiful jewelry from the metal. The kingdom grew and prospered.
>
> "After two centuries, the mines were worked bare; no ore remained. The king, who had grown selfish and fearful in the autumn of his magically-prolonged life, refused to share the wealth he had accumulated over the years, and his people grew poor and starved. Eventually, they rebelled against him. The castle was smashed to the ground, and the king fled into the hills with as much of his wealth as he could carry. His people, angry at his greed, pursued him into one of the old silver mines, but they could not catch him. Instead, they collapsed the mine entrance, trapping him inside.
>
> "The king died soon thereafter; but, as punishment for his avarice, his spirit was condemned to repeat the last actions of his life, running into the hills with his wealth. Every time the moon is full, the hills glow with silver light, and the King of Silverhill can be seen running into the hills with his treasure. His hoard has never been found, and it lies there still for anyone brave—or foolish—enough to claim it."
>
> The villagers cheer the old man, raising their mugs in toast, then turn back to their meals. The old man gets up and walks over to your table, a twinkle in his eye.

The old man introduces himself as Torik the storyteller and asks if he can sit with the party. Then he explains that he wants to know whether the story is true. He can offer the party very little money, only about 100 sp total. However, the PCs are welcome to keep any treasure they might find; he only asks for a small souvenir from the king's hoard. To Torik, a token of the story he has told for so many years is far more valuable than mere money.

THE GHOST OF SILVERHILL

Unlike the Silver King, this storyteller has little love of material wealth

Torik explains that they won't have to wait long, as the full moon is the next night. If the PCs agree to search for the ghost and learn what they can of it, Torik lends them an *amulet of bravery*, an old silver amulet on a leather cord, which confers +4 on saving throws vs. *fear* on the wearer and all those touching him. "Here's a charm against fear. Even with this, you'll need a brave heart to face a ghost." Torik wants the amulet back when the PCs return.

Before Leaving the Inn

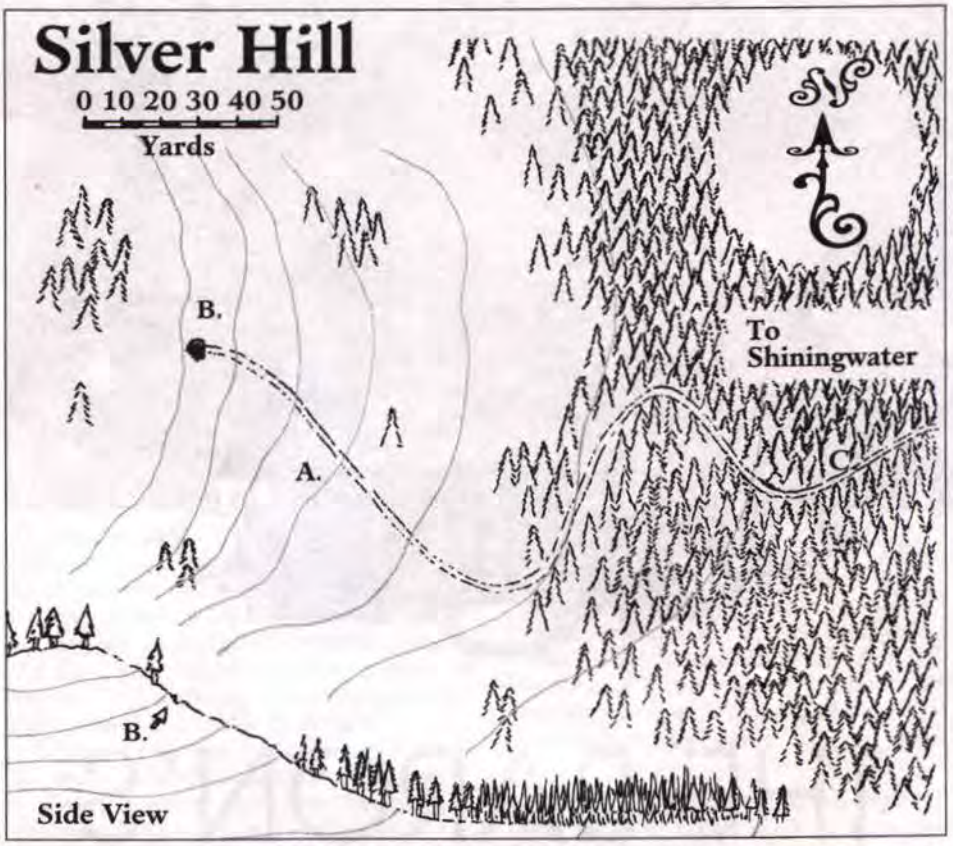
After the PCs have finished speaking with Torik, a group of 10 young men who had been listening to their conversation approach them. They are loud and obnoxious, and they disparage the party. "You'll never make it back alive," they sneer. "The ghost'll get ya!"

Their leader, a particularly unclean lout with a perpetual sneer, is named Marst. These men are nothing more than a group of thugs, too lazy to do any work or adventuring of their own, but all too willing to collect the spoils of others efforts. They know the legend of the ghost, and are too afraid to go after the hoard themselves, but brave enough to waylay the PCs on their return from the hill the following night. (See page 46 for statistics.)

For the Dungeon Master

Torik is telling the truth about his interest in the ghost, and he has told the party everything he knows about the spirit. There are two villagers who have seen the ghost, but only for a moment and from a distance. If the PCs find and question them, the villagers relate that the ghost was translucent, clad in silver armor and rich clothing. The story of the King of Silverhill, however, is inaccurate. The village has been here for only three centuries, and the tales of the ghost were created by the first villagers.

The ghost that the villagers see each full moon is the phantom of Partrinian, an elven knight who lived near here with his family about 600 years ago. He was taken by surprise and slain by a drow raiding party when he went to look for his son up in the hills. His phantom now haunts the hillside. The dark elves also killed his son, Mikiril, and the elven boy's ghost haunts the hills as well. Both spirits are described below.



The Silverhill

The phantom always appears on a rocky hillside that can be seen from the village, about four miles away. The trail to the hillside is narrow and steep in places, but it is easy to follow. Torik points the PCs in the right direction, wishing them luck. The hike to the hill takes about two hours, and once the party has arrived, there is little to do except sit and wait for sunset.

A. The Phantom and the Ghost. The full moon rises as the sun sets on the opposite horizon. The stones around the party are lit with the silvery glow of moonlight. Half an hour later, the ghostly image of Partrinian appears. No matter how alert the party is, none of them quite see where the phantom first appears, as it fades in from nothing.

> Suddenly, an elf adorned with shining chain armor, regal cloak and sword walks along the same path you have followed, passing you without acknowledging your presence. You see that the figure appears dappled in moonlight, almost silver in the darkness. It continues up the hill, ignoring you completely.

It is impossible for the party to affect the phantom in any way.

Phantom of Partrinian: INT nil; AL N; AC n/a; MV 9; HD nil; hp none; THAC0 n/a; #AT 0; Dmg 0; special attacks: cause *fear*; SZ M (6′ tall); ML n/a; XP nil; *MM*/287.

Continued on page 71

Adventure

THE BARON'S EYRIE

JASON KUHL

Come on up for a bite

Artwork by John Dollar

Jason writes: "I currently work as an assistant editor at a puzzle press in Norwalk, Connecticut. I enjoy travel, so in my spare time I do a bit of freelance work (the operative term being "free"), writing travel essays for a small 'zine in my college town of Ithaca, New York. Unfortunately, the problem with being out of school and thrust into the real world is having too little vacation time. There are days when I wouldn't complain if the Mists were to come seeping into my cubicle to steal me away."

"The Baron's Eyrie" is an AD&D® game RAVENLOFT® adventure for 4–6 player characters of 5th–7th level (about 30 total levels). The party should include at least one good priest and/or a paladin. Due to the number of lycanthropes, silver or magical weapons are necessary. The PCs should also have some means of flight or levitation, lest they be unable to reach their goal. A PC with the healing nonweapon proficiency would also be useful.

The adventure takes place in an anonymous land of Ravenloft, an undescribed "island of terror" unconnected with the lands of the core. However, with a few minor changes, it can easily appear in a DM's own campaign or another domain of Ravenloft. Sithicus is an especially good choice among Ravenloft domains, since it was once a part of the world of Krynn.

While "The Baron's Eyrie" draws from both the RAVENLOFT and DRAGONLANCE® campaign worlds, DMs using other settings can convert the scenario to their own campaigns by reworking the rules from the RAVENLOFT setting. As The Vine and Horseshoe is not presented in detail, as it can be changed to become a specific locale of the DM's campaign world. All that is required is for the surrounding region to be wooded and mountainous.

Adventure Background

Situated between two large towns, The Vine and Horseshoe is a large camp surrounded by a palisade to keep out nighttime dangers. As the adventure begins, the heat of summer has crept back over the mountains surrounding the solitary waystation. The hazy afternoons and sticky nights of this region have given way to days of blue skies and nights full of pleasant breezes.

Recently, however, even the high palisade wall has not stopped a series of kidnappings from occurring at the inn. One person has disappeared each night for the past week. No clues have been found, and the victims have vanished completely. While most of the abductions have taken place while the victims were outside, two of the missing were actually plucked from their beds by an assailant who must have entered through a window.

Morale at The Vine and Horseshoe is low. The remaining guards (three have gone), are very nervous and jumpy. They keep in pairs at all times. Those guests that learn of the kidnappings (obviously, not many people who work at the inn are eager to talk about it) cannot leave quickly enough. The owner, Gustaf, is frantic to end the abductions and restore his inn's reputation as a safe and gracious place.

For the Dungeon Master

How the DM decides to bring the PCs to The Vine and Horseshoe is unimportant. They can arrive by their own devices or be captured by the ubiquitous Mists. The most natural device is simply to have them traveling the domains of Ravenloft in search of a way out of the demiplane.

In any event, the PCs find themselves on a road at night, heading northeast and sloping down toward the lights of a small settlement. The air is cool, the sky is clear, and the moon is bright. Stars twinkle against the black expanse.

The kidnappings are the work of werebats, thralls held in check by their master, a powerful werebat known only as "the Baron." The Baron and his underlings dwell in a floating castle called Eyrie, hidden in a small valley beside the one that cradles The Vine and Horseshoe, no more than five miles away. Unable to leave his fortress, the Baron must depend on his more maneuverable servants to bring him his nightly dinner of human blood. The lesser werebats, however, resent their forced servitude and have often tried to dispose of the Baron. While they cannot oppose him directly nor even disobey his commands, they would love nothing more than his destruction. The Baron knows of his servants' hatred, but he must tolerate them or starve to death.

Recently the Baron has learned of Mikal Gunderling, a man cursed to live forever. Considering the implications of such a curse, the Baron has ordered his minions to find and kidnap Gunderling. With the endless blood supply the hapless man would provide, the Baron would be able to rid himself of his slaves once and for all. The other werebats, unaware that the Baron hates them as much as they hate him, hope that Gunderling's capture will grant them freedom from their master.

At the DM's option, Eyrie has a secondary border (outside its border of winds; see "Confronting the Baron" later in the adventure) that extends 10 miles in all directions. Until the Baron is slain or decides to move on, no one within those borders can escape. Should the PCs attempt to leave before then, they discover that the Mists reappear whenever they move 10 miles from Eyrie. Those entering the mists find themselves emerging a few hours later at the same point at which they entered.

The Vine and Horseshoe

The compound of The Vine and Horseshoe is protected by a circular stockade made of 10' high tree-trunks sharpened at the top. A walkway runs around the circumference, leaving only the head and shoulders of the guards visible. This walkway is reached by ladders spread at regular intervals.

There is only one entrance and exit: the main gate. It is closed at night and is always guarded by at least two men. The guards open the gate at night if they are satisfied that the callers do not present a threat.

Guards (8): AL LN; AC 8; MV 12; F1; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; leather armor, short sword, dirk, light crossbow.

Sergeants (2): AL LN; AC 7; MV 13; F2; hp 16, 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; studded leather, battleaxe, dirk, long bow.

The compound of The Vine and Horseshoe consists of 10 buildings, all dominated by the main inn. Stables, bathhouses and latrines, a laundry, and frontier-style longhouses for large groups (mainly used by the caravans which pass through) are all available for the PCs' use. Consult the *Player's Handbook* for prices of these services. The guards have their own separate quarters, which are off-limits to the PCs as well as to the other guests.

The DM should feel free to create a map and additional description for The Vine and Horseshoe if the PCs are likely to spend much time there. Unless they balk at the prospect of saving Gunderling, however, they should remain for only one night.

The Inn and Taproom

> You find yourselves before a square, four-story structure, solidly made of brick, with high wooden gables. A painted sign hanging over the door depicts a grapevine wound around a horseshoe. Many windows dot the walls, but only those on the first floor are lit. Shadowy silhouettes move upon the unpolished glass.
>
> Inside, the cool air gives way to blasting heat. A raging fire burns in the fireplace. Patrons sit at long oak tables. Their benches are upholstered with faded red cloth. The decor knows no restraint: plates, paintings, empty vases, and other bric-a-brac cover every square inch of the walls and mantelpiece.
>
> The few patrons give each of you a casual once-over, but they do not let your arrival interrupt their conversations or their drinking. A dark wooden bar gleams at you from the other end of the room. Behind the bar stands a man looking at you with a surprised smile.

The inn's owner, Gustaf, is a skinny man who is only too happy to serve the adventurers. Since the inn has had few caravans pass by lately, he makes most of his money from the rare travelers who tumble in. This late in the season, and with the recent kidnappings, Gustaf has fared quite poorly. The sight of the PCs cheers him, especially if they look wealthy.

Gustaf gladly serves the PCs dinner and forces numerous samples of liquor upon them. And, of course, he offers any of his six guest suites, all of which are meant for richer clientele from the cities, for a mere 2 gp per night. He reluctantly admits that he has 12 "poorer" rooms, "unfit for great persons such as yourselves," at a cost of 6 sp per night. He also has 120 crude beds in the longhouses out back, for a copper per night. Only the poorest of travelers accept the latter option, for (the reasonable) fear of fleas and other pests.

Gustaf: AL LN; AC 9; MV 12; F4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 15, C 14, I 10, W 16, Ch 16; ML 14; dagger. Proficiencies: brewing.

Gustaf keeps a club behind the bar, just in case things get out of hand.

After the party has had time to sit and eat in the taproom of The Vine and Horseshoe, read or paraphrase the following:

> The fire provides a warm, contenting glow as you sit in the taproom. The regular patrons, while not openly friendly, seem comfortable in your presence.
>
> One mousy-looking man sits by himself in a corner. He keeps his back to the wall. His eyes, hidden behind wire-rimmed spectacles, constantly flick from the door, to your group, to the rest of the room. His clothes also seem somewhat out-of-place. He wears a tweed coat and a frilly white shirt. Despite their quality, his clothes are frayed around the edges.
>
> The man takes quick, nervous sips from his drink and licks his lips apprehensively.

If asked, Gustaf says that the man is Mikel Gunderling, a foreigner staying here for the evening. If the PCs do not start a conversation with Mikel themselves, he rises and nervously asks to join them. If the PCs refuse, he goes upstairs to his room. If they agree, then he is very thankful. After introductions and a little small talk, he tells his story:

> "I hope you will excuse me for my forwardness, but I am in dire need of aid. I only recently escaped to the safety of this hamlet and its well-lit rooms. I have been traveling for many days now, living in utter fear!"
>
> Here he stops to sip from his drink. His eyes are wild and frightened.
>
> "I am a solicitor by trade. I worked for many years in my home city of Il Aluk, where I was a chief prosecutor for the city government. Not long ago, my wife fell sick and died. I was overwhelmed with grief and my work suffered. Since I could not work effectively, I decided to ride through the countryside for a few weeks, as I often did during my youth. "One night, I awoke to find myself surrounded by a strange fog. Frightened, I tried to stay awake all night, but I fell asleep toward dawn. I awoke a short time later to find that the terrain was different from the night before.
>
> "I had been lost before, but not like this. As time passed and I continued on, I realized that not only was I far away from my home, but also I was being followed."
>
> "I would hear it in the night: whispering, just beyond the light of my fire. I would call to whatever it was, but it would not answer. Night after night this happened. The mysterious intruder never attacked me, but I always knew it was there, unseen and patient.
>
> "Finally, I could take no more. I began to ride as fast I could, hoping to outpace it. I would ride all night, stopping only at noontime to sleep a few hours by a river, or in the forest. But I could not evade it.
>
> "Just tonight, it made its will known. As I came down the road, I saw the lights of the town and knew that salvation was at hand. But it must have guessed my intentions, for suddenly I heard a hiss and saw a dark shape fall upon my horse. As I leapt away, I saw the shape wrestling with my steed and heard my horse's agonized screams. In that moment, I grabbed my pack and ran down the hill to the safety of this inn."
>
> He calms a bit, looking again towards the door. "My friends, I need your help. Please allow me to join you to wherever you are going. There is safety in numbers. Only this way can I avoid whatever has been following me."

Mikel Gunderling: AL N; AC 6; MV 12; W5; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 11, D 16, C 15, I 16, W 14, Ch 16; ML 11; *dagger +1, ring of protection +2*. Spells: *charm person, magic missile* (×2), *protection from evil; invisibility, levitate; vampiric touch.* Regenerates 3 hp per day.

Gunderling wears a *ring of undetectable lying*, which functions as the reversed 4th-level priest spell, *detect lie*. It operates continuously.

While Gunderling is not intentionally lying, what he says is not the whole truth either. He believes this version of the story, though his own memory has changed to shield him from the horror of his own past.

While the nighttime pursuit did happen in the near past, the earlier events occurred long ago. Gunderling left Il Aluk over 50 years ago and has been traveling ever since. His wife died not of sickness but of old age. And he left Il Aluk not out of grief, but because he was chased out by his neighbors, who feared he had delved into dark magic to keep himself forever young.

As a solicitor in his homeland, Gunderling was extremely zealous in his work as a prosecutor. Within his first five years at the job, he had obtained over 300 convictions. Thieves, murderers, and worse all met the hangman as a result of Gunderling's devotion to his job. Whether they were guilty or not did not concern him, and eventually he never questioned the justice of his decisions, only their effectiveness in gaining convictions—and executions. Gradually his pride in his work became a cold, hateful devotion to death.

One fateful day, Gunderling stood in the audience before the town scaffold, eagerly awaiting the result of another of his victories. This time the accused was a Vistani pickpocket, sentenced to a punishment far beyond his crime. As the hangman fitted the noose about the thief's neck, the condemned man spotted Gunderling and pronounced a curse against his prosecutor. Gunderling would never know that which he so freely gave: death. The powers of Ravenloft answered the Vistani's cry.

Gunderling is profoundly confused about his condition, as his wife's death caused a great deal of repression within his mind. He doesn't realize the amount of time that has passed; if pressed, he can give only vague accounts of his (distant) past. Note that while he is immune to disease and old age, and has regenerative ability, he can be killed like any other man by being reduced to 0 hp (or –10 hp, if that optional rule is used). His wizard abilities are the result of a hobby he kept while he was a lawyer; they have been honed after many years on the road, with its subsequent dangers.

If the PCs do not let him join, Gunderling casts *charm person* to sway one of the more popular PCs. If they are agreeable, however, Gunderling arranges to meet them tomorrow morning, then he goes up to his room.

A bit of a coward, Gunderling attempts to keep his magical talents secret and lets the PCs take the brunt of any combat. He lets his powers show only in an emergency (though most likely he will not have an opportunity

to demonstrate those powers until after the PCs rescue him).

Kidnapped

Whether Gunderling joins or not, the PCs should eventually settle down for a night's rest, either at the inn, in the longhouses, or in the woods outside the palisade. The following encounter occurs regardless of where the PCs stay The DM may need to alter this description if the PCs post a guard or set traps to alert them to intruders.

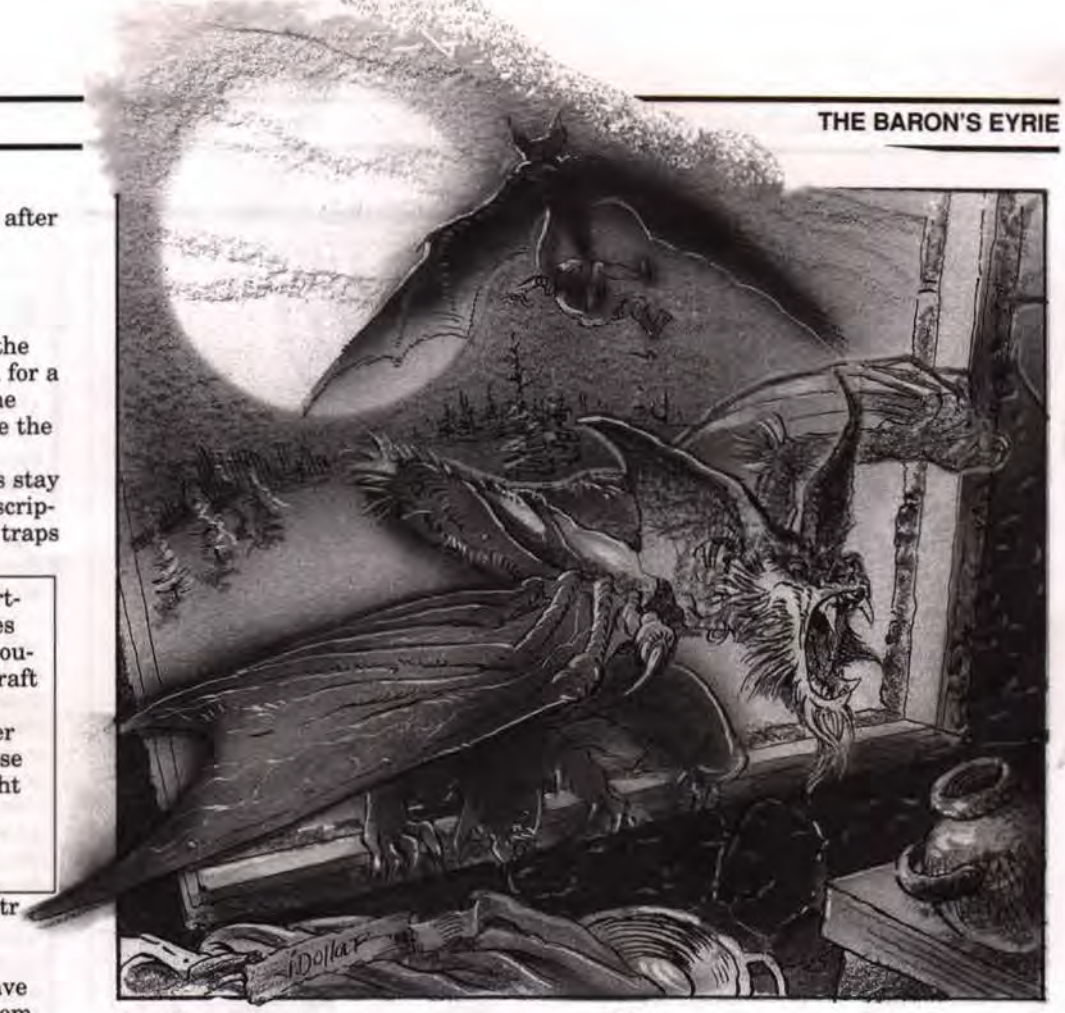
> You fall into a deep and uncomfortable sleep. Visions of vague figures swooping through a chilly mist trouble your mind. Suddenly, a cold draft whips across your body, and you wake to see a horror standing over you. You catch only a quick glimpse of thin, fleshy wings, the moonlight tracing every vein and capillary through them, before you realize that you are being attacked!

The intruders are Jerzi and Pyetr two of the werebats of Eyrie. Remember that unless the PCs are extra-paranoid, they should have few if any weapons or armor on them, but they probably have some close nearby. Knowing this, the werebats attempt to grapple and wrestle instead of attacking from a distance. Each also carries two scrolls of *dispel magic* (cast at 10th level) to deal with any *wizard locks*.

Jerzi, Pyetr, and **Liza** (infected werebats): INT average; AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); HD 4+2 hp 25, 24; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1–4/1–4/2–8; SA nil; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; MR nil; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/233.

If the PCs are staying in the same room as Gunderling, the werebats' goal is to capture Mikal. They do so as quickly as possible, escaping with their prey rather than fighting the PCs.

If Gunderling is alone, Jerzi and Pyetr still attack the PCs. In this case, however, the fight is simply a diversion while a third werebat, Liza, captures the immortal solicitor. After three rounds, Pyetr and Jerzi disengage and escape through the room's window. Seconds later, the PCs hear a commotion and see Mikel Gunderling's silhouette against the moon, caught in the clutches of a monstrous bat.



The Chase

The clamor awakens the whole population of The Vine and Horseshoe. No one is able to sleep after the kidnapping. Only a few of the guards have any clues: they saw the werebats with Gunderling heading to the northeast. The PCs may set off at once, or they may wait until morning. Regardless, the werebats elude them. No one from The Vine and Horseshoe volunteers to aid in any rescue mission. However, Gustaf encourages the PCs by offering a bounty of 300 gp for every "accursed man-bat head."

Also, any priest or druid who *speaks with animals* with any of the forest creatures can learn that "the nasty bat-things" live by the lake in the next valley.

The forest is thick and tall. The trail leads north, up, and then down a hill that is too steep for horses. At the bottom of the northern side, however, the forest thins and becomes grassy.

A blue lake lies further north and, beyond that, a wall of churning mist. It is in this valley that the massive flying island known as Eyrie has come to rest.

Eyrie

> Impossibly, an immense rock floats above you like a second moon. The rock's base hovers about a hundred feet off the ground. Birds circle about it, vanishing when they cross the many shadows upon the stony surface, only to reappear as they cross the pale granite or the scant vegetation clinging among the crags.
>
> The most impressive feature of the rock is the ruined castle imbedded in the gray stone. Resembling the talons of some twisted raptor, it is almost indistinguishable from the rock in which it sits. Dark rafters stick out into the air like rotten teeth, evidence that there were many connected outbuildings which either fell or were ripped away when the castle became airborne. Black stains on the rock and stone tell the tale of more than one fire. The windows are thin and long, and none shed light.

The castle, Eyrie Keep by name, was once located in a strategic pass in the Khalkist Mountains on the continent of Ansalon on Krynn. Originally built and inhabited by the Knights of Solamnia, it long resisted the forces of darkness in

the War of the Lance. Toward the end of the war, to prevent it from falling into enemy hands, the Keep was transformed into a Flying Citadel. The effort was futile, however, as even the airborne fortress could not withstand the assault of the dark armies. Eventually overrun and sacked, it was left in the care of a particularly wicked Dragon Highlord named Kravon.

Since the loss of his own red dragon steed earlier in the war, Kravon burned for revenge against all those he blamed for her death. Unfortunately for those who fell under the shadow of Eyrie, he blamed every living creature he could capture. With the few soldiers and draconions left in his command, Kravon became a scourge of Ansalon, murdering and torturing all who could not escape the advance of his flying fortress. His orders became repellent even to his jaded and cruel lieutenants, but those who questioned him were put to the same fate as his victims. Eventually, a failed insurrection and mass desertions left Kravon alone on his fortress, his only companions the corpses of his victims. Kravon's fall was not yet complete, however, and Eyrie drifted through a misty valley, emerging at dawn within the demiplane of dread.

Within a month of Eyrie's arrival, a werebat and his minions spotted the amazing flying citadel and investigated it. Finding only a single living human within the fortress, the werebats were amazed to hear the self-proclaimed "Dragonlord" order them to swear obedience to himself and a dark goddess of whom they had never heard. The werebat leader's response was not what the madman expected, and, after a brief struggle, the werebats were the sole occupants of Eyrie.

Delighted with the discovery of a new and marvelous lair, the werebat leader called himself Baron of this new demesne. After exploring the place thoroughly with his minions, he decided to fly down to the land for his evening feeding . . . only to discover that he was trapped within the fortress' boundaries. In slaying the mad Dragonlord, the Baron had taken the curse of Eyrie upon himself.

The whole of the Keep and the rock around it constitutes a rough hemisphere. This sum is the "Eyrie." The Baron is the lord of his demesne, but he is also trapped by it.

Closing the borders is the limit of the Baron's control over Eyrie. When he desires, a powerful wind begins blowing all around Eyrie keep, preventing any creature from leaving. The Baron himself cannot range even to those borders, as he is bound to the keep itself. The course of Eyrie's travel, to the Baron's endless frustration, is random and indeterminable. In fact, it almost seems to read his mind and go wherever the Baron least desires. On occasions such as now, Eyrie ceases its wandering through the Mists to hover above a land for a few days before moving on.

The rock around the Keep is filled with many shallow tunnels and nesting nooks. Many winged creatures, such as bats, crows, hawks, and vultures, roost here. An occasional harpy tries to make a home in the rock as well, but it is more often than not slain by the werebats soon after, as the two races have a vehement hatred of each other.

There is a 5% chance per round of anyone climbing or flying near the rockface of Eyrie of being attacked by any of these creatures.

Most fearsome, however, are the giant spiders that dwell on Eyrie's underside. Here, they spin near-invisible webs between pinnacles of rock, ensnaring anything that flies by. When a spider feels the tell-tale tremor of prey striking its line, it springs from its shadowy hiding hole and delivers its poison. Sometimes, when Eyrie passes close enough to the ground, the spiders even shoot lines to the ground and reel in unfortunate cattle, deer, or solitary peasants. Anyone climbing, levitating, or otherwise situated within 30' of the underside has a 20% chance per round of becoming trapped in a web, and a 50% chance per round of being set upon by 1–2 giant spiders.

The werebats give this area a wide berth. Luckily, the spiders rarely roam elsewhere on Eyrie, as their sensitive eyes prefer the darkness of Eyrie's underside.

Giant Spiders (12): INT non-; AL N; AC 4; MV 3, web 12; HD 3+3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison, victims must save vs. poison or die; SZ S; ML 7; XP 420; *MM*/326.

How the party manages to reach Eyrie's surface is an adventure in itself. The simplest way would be to have someone cast *fly* or *levitate* to reach the Keep (being cautious of the spiders) and lower a long rope. The DM is urged to review the section on climbing in the *PHB*.

Escaping Eyrie is a little easier. Since the northern half of Eyrie's globe rests over the lake, brave PCs may make the 100′ leap into the waters. The lake is deep enough, but too much armor and treasure may not stop a PC's descent after he hits the water (see rules for drowning in the *PHB*). If the PCs are especially strong, the DM might also throw in a few scrags for fun.

The Keep

Unless otherwise stated, there are no lights within the Keep, as the werebats are accustomed to maneuvering in darkness. All of the infected werebats (Jerzi, Liza, and Pyetr) are able to assume human and hybrid forms; only the two true werebats, the Baron and El Aviador (the false Baron), can assume human, hybrid, and full bat form.

The infected werebats sleep most of the day in human form and awaken at sunset. At night, they change into hybrid form unwillingly and remain so until dawn; this action takes one round. A PC must undergo a horror check the first time that he witnesses such a transformation. These werebats are under the control of their master, the Baron. However, he usually allows them to act as they wish, unless he needs them for some task (such as combat or fetching his dinner).

Also, for the purposes of this adventure, it is assumed that the two true werebats, both spellcasters, can cast spells while in human and hybrid forms but not as full bats. They cannot cast spells while airborne.

The Keep itself is not alive, nor is it haunted in the conventional sense. The Keep merely contains within its walls the mental energy of all of the souls of those who have been slain throughout the years—including the knights and warriors who first inhabited the Keep. This energy manifests itself in voices, visions, and other happenings. These events are not the work of undead, nor do they possess consciousness. All are harmless.

1. The Main Entrance. To enter or exit the courtyard through this gate, the party must pass under the raised portcullis. It is locked in the open position, so there is no danger of the gate falling. Two immense wooden doors on the courtyard side of the portcullis are split open as if struck by a powerful ram. In fact, this whole area shows signs of extreme stress and wear.

There is a small tower on either side of the gate.

2. The Courtyard.

> This open-air area has long been deserted. Black weeds grow from cracks in the cobblestones; a few ravens' nests can be seen in the battlements of the walls. Sections of the walkway and the wall itself have collapsed. Parts of the southern wall have fallen, and to the north, masonry and timber yawn into space, remains of warehouses that were destroyed.
>
> A massive pair of well-polished iron doors are set within an ornate arch on the eastern wall, allowing access into the castle itself. Small doors on either side of the portcullis lead into the gatetowers.
>
> The courtyard is heavy with silence.

Underneath about six inches of dusty topsoil lie the bones of dozens of soldiers, all slain in the Keep's last great battle. Here and there, a few femurs and ribs poke up from the ground, but they are recognizable for what they are only on close inspection.

The doors of the main entrance are unlocked and move silently on hinges enchanted with a permanent *grease* spell. Only if closed again do the doors make any noise; in this case, a dull clang. Around the arch is strange writing, decorated with pictures of knights, thorny roses, and crowns. PCs from Krynn recognize the script around the door as Solamnic. Others can use *comprehend languages* to read the writing; it simply tells of various good deeds done by the Knights in relation to the Keep. It also tells of the building of the Keep and its objective of keeping the ogres of the Khalkist Mountains at bay.

If the PCs decide to walk along the battlements, there is a 5% chance per round that the section they are walking upon gives way. PCs must make Dexterity checks or fall to the courtyard, suffering 2–12 hp damage.

3. The Gatehouse. The ground floor of each gatetower is empty. A ladder leads through a trapdoor to the top floor, which is similar in all respects except that there are arrow slits in all of the walls. A narrow catwalk, which passes next to the portcullis and its mechanisms, connects the twin towers.

The gears of the portcullis are kept well-oiled by Pyetr, at the Baron's command. A lever releases the lock to drop it, while a series of pullies connected to a wheel raises it. Raising the heavy gate is hard work; a combined Strength of 50 is needed to turn the massive wheel.

4. Storehouse.

> The northern wall is completely ruined, having crumbled along with the courtyard wall. One can see the forests below and the mountains beyond.
>
> A disgusting odor grows stronger as you approach the lip of the precipice. Looking down, you see a wide ledge about 20′ below. On this ledge lies a huge mass of rotting offal: stinking flesh and muscle twisted around cracked bones and the arches of ribcages. Worms grope among the skulls, while a solitary vulture sits atop the mass and stares blankly at you.

All PCs looking upon this nauseating vision must make horror checks. This is where the werebats dump their victims after they have drained them of their blood to the brink of death. No victim actually dies from the bloodletting since the Baron does not want any more "children" around; their throats are cut before they are thrown onto the pile below.

This area is also home to members of a heretofore unknown variety of ghoul, lurking in the cracks and crevices of the rock around the refuse pile. They attack if the PCs linger for more than five rounds.

Winged Ghouls (5): INT low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9, fly 15 (C); HD 2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1–3/1–3/1–6; SA non-elven victims must save vs. paralysis or be frozen for 1d6+2 rounds; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells;

SZ M; ML 11; XP 175; *MM*/131 (modified).

These creatures are like regular ghouls in all respects, except that they have immense bat-wings sprouting from their shoulders. They compete with Eyrie's vulture population, as well as other winged scavengers, for the carrion; as the werebats drink blood, they and the ghouls have little reason to quarrel.

5. The Stables.

Stepping across the fragments of the wooden double-door, you enter a large room which was obviously once the stables. Wooden stalls line three walls, and harnesses and tackle hang from hooks. In the northeast corner sits a perfectly preserved riding carriage. Part of the ceiling of the western-most end of the stables has collapsed.

A fine, reeking dirt covers the floor, and you hear a rustling sound from above.

The ceiling is the home of a swarm of bats. The bats are harmless, though, if they are spooked by noise or sudden movement, their mass exodus out the door is bound to scare the PCs. These bats are under the power of the werebats and respond to their commands; they never attack their masters.

Horse and mule skeletons can be found under the dirt (actually guano) in some of the stalls. The remnants of a blacksmith's shop, including the forge and an anvil, can be found under the partially collapsed ceiling. The carriage is empty save for a large bag hidden under one of the seats. In the bag are 33 gp, 120 sp, a potion of *heroism*, and 10 *arrows +1*. Jerzi and Liza are aware of this bag (see area 16), but they have left it here to recover later, once the Baron has been deposed.

Bat swarm (100): INT animal; AL N; AC 8 (4 out of doors); MV 1, fly 24; HD 1–2 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA extinguishes torches (1% chance per bat per round), confuses spellcasting (Wisdom roll required to cast spells), inhibits combat (all suffer a –2 THAC0); SZ T; ML 2; XP 15; *MM*/15.

The infected werebats (Jerzi, Liza, and Pyetr) sleep here. Their form is human in all respects save for their feet, which remain as claws. While asleep, they hang from the ceiling with the normal bats. Any commotion which disturbs the bats also awakens the werebats.

6. Barracks, First Floor. This room is empty except for a small table, a chair, and a bare weapons rack. A spiral staircase in the southwest corner leads down, while a similar one in the northeast corner leads to the floor above.

7. Brig.

Down the gloomy stairs and beyond an empty doorway, a low tunnel stretches into the distance. Niches in the entranceway for hinges show that a door once hung here but has since been removed. A ring of keys hangs on the wall at the foot of the stairs. On each side of the hallway, massive bars line the sides that face the corridor, while the cells are divided from each other by stone walls.

The air is surprisingly dry and warm. Light dust makes up for the absence of mildew and slime.

The western-most cell holds what appears to be a bruised and tired Mikel Gunderling, who is very appreciative of any rescue. This Gunderling, however, is actually a doppleganger prisoner of the Baron's, who saw the real Mikel briefly and has assumed his form. A true craven, he does anything to be freed, and having accomplished that, to get back to the ground and escape into the forest. He fights only if cornered.

Doppleganger: INT very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1–12; SA surprise; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells, saves as a 10th-level fighter; SZ M; ML 13; XP 420; *MM*/60.

The rest of the cells are clean and in working order; there are 20 in all. The northern-most cell (right by the stairs) is actually the soldiers' toilet, entered through a small wooden door.

8. Grand Hall.

You step into a colossal hall. Far above your heads, a cathedral ceiling vaults away into shadow. The heels of your boots, the clink of your metal, and the creak of your leather all echo through the vast and patient silence. Smoldering logs softly pop in an enormous fireplace centered in the north wall. Heavy wax candles placed in sconces along the wall give off a soft glow.

Broad stairways to either side of the fireplace lead upward to a balcony above the hall; doorways can be glimpsed along the balcony, presumably leading to other apartments. Doors to the left and right of the main entrance can lead only into the northwestern and southern towers; there is also a door set in the middle of the hall's east wall. A set of barred double-doors are set in the south wall. These are covered with runes which have been defaced by a knife or chisel.

Two very long, solid oak tables sit at each end of the room, with a shorter table between them; all are surrounded by matching ladder-back chairs. Faded tapestries, surprisingly free of dust, line every other available piece of wall space. They depict charging knights, embattled dragons, and human victories over ogres and minotaurs.

The barred doors to the south originally led to a chapel, but it fell away during Eyrie's birth; they now lead to a narrow lip of rock outside, which the werebats use as a landing pad. The runes, written in Solamnic, were holy words scratched away by the invading Dragonarmies.

A secret door in the back of the fireplace leads to area 19. No one but the Baron himself knows of it.

If the PCs closely examine the northeast corner of the room, they discover a bricked up doorway on the east wall which originally led to the south tower (area 19). The masonry work is near flawless, causing the doorway to blend in naturally with the surrounding stone.

Dinner is served in the grand hall between midnight and 1 A.M. If the PCs are present during, or interrupt, the meal without attacking, they are invited to join the table. El Aviador sits at the head of the table, consuming large quantities of fruit and sweet wine, while the three infected werebats dine upon bowls of thin blood and undercooked meat. PCs can make a meal of the meat, fruit, and wine, but anyone who drinks the blood "soup" must make a successful Constitution check or become ill (suffering a –2 penalty to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution for 2d8 hours).

The werebats see the PCs as a possible solution to their problem, and so they are polite and make small talk, avoiding any sensitive issues like the kidnapping of Mikal Gunderling. In fact, they simply ignore questions about Gunderling, acting as if they know nothing about him. If asked about Eyrie keep itself, they answer more-or-less candidly, making sure never to refer to the true Baron as anything other than the cook. Their hope is that the PCs will discover the true baron on their own, since the werebats are unable to act directly against their master. Their resulting behavior is very odd indeed, as they do not want the PCs to leave, but neither can they encourage them against the baron!

Despite their apparent civility, the werebats' eating habits are sure to unsettle the PCs, as El Aviador ravenously devours his meal, biting savagely into the fruit and sucking the juice noisily from the husk. Pyetr, Liza, and Jerzi are even more disgusting, lapping the blood from their bowls with their quick, long, bat-like tongues. They eat their meat somewhat less unpleasantly, tearing long strips with their teeth before swallowing them with two or three fast jerks of their heads.

Throughout conversation, the lesser werebats address El Aviador as "Baron," and he graciously nods in acknowledgement, though he speaks only when spoken to, and then as briefly as possible before resuming his meal. He carries himself with an air of royalty.

After dinner, El Aviador immediately retires to area 22 (by going outside to the courtyard and turning into bat form), while Jerzi and Liza proceed to area 16. Pyetr clears the dishes.

Pyetr is the newest addition to the werebat family. Having been infected for only two years, he is still wide-eyed and naive to the ways of lycanthropy.

A bit of a coward, Pyetr simply follows orders and does his chores, reacting with apathy to the Baron' victims and with awe toward the Baron himself. Because of his master's tight-fisted control, he is unable to furnish any information that might reveal the Baron as being the Keep's cook. He is also prevented from mentioning where Mikel Gunderling is being kept. A fast-taking PC might be able to fluster Pyetr (with appropriate role-playing and a successful Charisma check) into accidentally referring to the werebat at dinner as "El Aviador." If pressed on the issue, Pyetr explains that "El Aviador" is what the servants call the Baron. Those watching him carefully can see that he is lying (on a successful Wisdom check).

During the day Pyetr appears as a skinny man in his 30s, with an ever-present stubble of beard. He prefers to dress in black. At night, Pyetr becomes a thin, muscular werebat with wiskery cheeks.

Pyetr (infected werebat): INT average; AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); HD 4+2 hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/233.

In a belt pouch, Pyetr keeps 9 gp, 27 sp, and a small gem (value determined by the DM).

9. Officers' Tower, First Floor. This level of the tower is empty save for two desks and matching chairs. All of the desk drawers are empty. A spiral stair in the southeastern corner leads upward.

10. Kitchen. If it is night, the DM should read aloud or paraphrase the following:

> You have entered what must be the castle kitchen. Along the eastern wall is a large fireplace. The fire burns low; a large stack of firewood sits on the hearth ready to feed it. Polished ladles, knives, pots, and pans hang from hooks on the wall. Oranges, apples, pears, and many other fruits hang in mesh bags from hooks in the ceiling. You wonder where so much fruit could have come from in this chilly climate.
>
> Looking very out-of-place, stacks of books cover nearly every available inch of counter space. At a glance, the topics appear to range from cookbooks to novels to travelogues of strange places. More than a few of the titles are in foreign languages. Around and on top of these books are many sheaves of paper, some fresh, others yellow and cracked. They contain notes, letters, posters, and shopping lists.
>
> Before the fire, his chair leaning back against the pantry door, is a large bearded man in a stained apron. His feet are propped up on a stool and he is reading a book. He looks up and says, "Go on, get out of my kitchen." Without awaiting your response, he returns his eyes to the book with an expression of deep concentration.

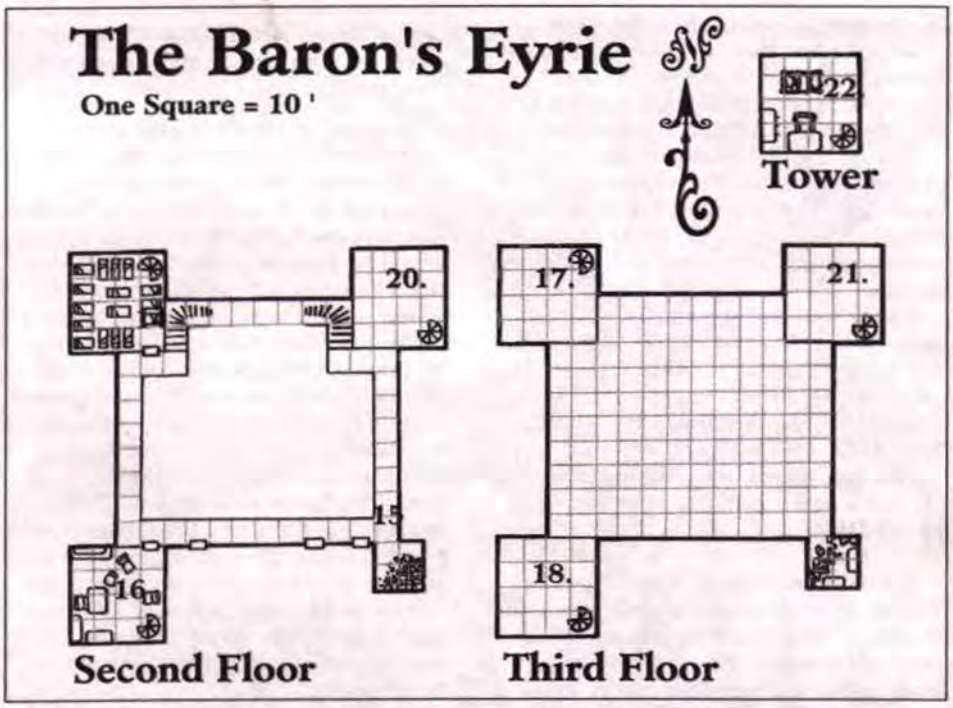
This is the real Baron. He is a true werebat and master of the three infected lycanthropes. In the years since he inherited the curse of Eyrie, the Baron has developed certain strategies to keep would-be deposers unaware of his identity. The main indirection is that the Baron prefers to appear not as the lord of the Keep, but rather as its cook. For all intents and purposes, he is indeed the cook, preparing a daily meal (served exactly at midnight) to supply the diet of blood, meat, and—in the case of El Aviador—fruit, that all of the werebats need. The Baron uses El Aviador (who came to the Keep as a hitchhiker from a tropical realm through which Eyrie once passed) as a dupe, allowing him to pretend to be the castle's lord to misdirect any enemies. The three infected werebats are too afraid of their true master to reveal the truth.

The Baron always takes his meals in the kitchen, and he also sleeps here in human form during the day. He has good reason not to leave: Mikel Gunderling is chained and gagged within the pantry. With Gunderling in his clutches, he no longer must depend on his servants to bring him sustenance.

He is hard to engage in conversation, but if the mood strikes him (i.e., the PCs act in a friendly manner), he makes jokes and small talk for no other reason than to propagate the facade. He pretends to having no knowledge of Mikel Gunderling, suggesting only that the PCs should ask the Baron. The book he is reading is a gothic romance about a haunted (but otherwise normal) castle.

If the PCs attack the Baron or try to win past him to the pantry, refer to "Confronting the Baron" below.

11. Servants' Quarters. This small room was enough for eight servants, and it was made cozy by the heat of two fireplaces. Now the room is used as storage for kitchen supplies, furniture, and other mundane items. One of the chimneys collapsed when Eyrie was ripped free of its mountain, but the western one is still clear. The chimney is 20′ high but the 2′ × 3′ space makes it a tight squeeze to crawl through. Rain trickling down the chimney has made the room cold and damp.



12. Servant's Latrine. Divided into men's and women's.

13. Well. A 3'-high brick well sits in the southeastern corner of this square room. It is 4' across and originally led down to an underground river, but now it leads to Eyrie's underside. On the floor next to the well sits a dust-covered bucket, attached to a collapsed crank mechanism by a 100' length of rope. A thin film of web lines the well. If anyone disturbs the web, a swarm of large spiders from the underside spills forth and attacks within one round. They enter at a rate of three per round.

Large Spiders (9): INT low; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6, web 15; HD 1+1; hp 5; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Type A poison, with offset time of 15 minutes, victims must save vs. poison (with +2 to the roll) or suffer 15 hp damage; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175; *MM*/326.

Fortunately, the well is too narrow to allow any full-grown spiders into the Keep.

14. Barracks, Second Floor.

The contents of this square room consist of sixteen bunk beds, four along each wall. The beds are in excellent condition, although they are thickly covered with dust. The spiral stair in the northeastern corner continues upward.

A flickering flash of green livery catches your eye, but when you spin to see what it is, it is gone. From the other corner of your eye, you glimpse a mustachioed man in scale armor; looking there, you see nothing.

Other quick visions assault the PCs while in this room, but they never remain long enough to make out what they are. They are simply the Keep's "memories" of the men and women who once lived here. They cannot harm the PCs other than by making them jumpy and nervous.

There are two chests underneath each set of beds; all are unlocked and empty.

15. Balcony and Guests' Quarters. Most of the doorways on this level once led to the apartments of visiting royalty or the high-ranking guests of the Solamnic knights. However, all of the apartments crumbled away during Eyrie's ascension into the sky; now these doorways only open onto thin air, or at best the remains of a floor and a few dangling bricks. All doors on the level are locked.

As the PCs wander along the balcony, large *magic mouths* slowly appear and disappear at random places on the walls; they do nothing except broadly grin at the PCs. These are the ghostly remnants of a spell once cast by a white robed wizard who often visited the keep. He amused other guests with this alteration long before the keep became a flying citadel, and their lingering effect is simply another way in which the keep "remembers" its former residents. The PCs, however, are free to imagine much more sinister purposes behind the mouths.

In the southeastern corner of the level is a collapsed staircase, crushed under the weight of the fallen floor of the chamber above. It is an easy guess that the stairs originally led to the Keep's library, since above the PCs' heads there are two oak bookshelves bolted to the south and east walls. The bottom edges of the bookshelves are 12' above the floor of the balcony. Beyond the top of the bookshelves is a peaked roof; brass lanterns which once provided light for library-goers still hang from chains hooked to the rafters.

The bookshelves hold much of their original contents: books, maps, and scrolls (or at least whatever hasn't been picked over by the Baron). Unfortunately, as there is little along the walls for purchase, they can be accessed only by *spider climbing*, *levitation*, or similar means. A careful search among the shelves provides some interesting resources, including a scroll of *protection from shapeshifters* folded within the pages of a book of Ansalonian History. (DMs with the *Tales of the Lance* boxed set or other DRAGONLANCE resources may wish to describe other books likely to have come from that world.) Another thick book has been hollowed out by Jerzi to hold his private stash of treasure, which includes 2 ep, 33 gp, and 50 cp, as well as a *ring of feather falling*.

16. Officers' Tower, Second Floor (Liza's Office). This room, once the bunkhouse of the Keep's officers, has been converted into an office. It is here that Liza, with Jerzi's help, maintains meticulous track of the finances and records that come from the frequent raids the werebats conduct on passing villages. Everything down to the last copper piece is recorded. Liza, if not at dinner or sleeping, is always here, scribbling away as best as she can in her hybrid form. If she is in, read or paraphrase the following:

You enter a dark room, lit only by the glow of a single candle sitting on a massive desk. Thick books and papers cover the surface of the desk, as well as those of a few chairs and stools placed at random about the room. Behind the desk, a gnomish creature looks at you through thick glasses. Suddenly, it smiles a toothy grin, and you realize that it is little more than a giant bat, swaddled in shawls, hunching over an immense ledger. With a wave of its furled wing, it invites you to sit.

Liza is a shrewish woman with high ambitions. Her ultimate goal is to turn Eyrie into a floating citadel filled with legions of werebats, raiding and subsisting off of the humans below. Only the Baron stands in her way. Therefore, she hopes to enlist the aid of the PCs to slay the Baron; unfortunately, like all of the infected werebats, she is compelled never to reveal her master's true identity. Thus, she plans to misdirect the PCs toward El Aviador, the pretender-Baron, doing so by providing them with directions to his tower. (She is at a loss to suggest a way past the wall to area 19, however). Her hope is that if the PCs slay El Aviador, the true Baron will be forced to act against them and be slain in the attempt.

Liza also promises that all treasure found in such a venture will be theirs to keep. She gives no explanation for her actions other than saying, "The Baron is a cruel man who has kept a poor old woman prisoner for too many years." She will also gladly assist PCs in the drafting of any last wills, suggesting this course if none of them think of it.

If the PCs refuse, Liza does whatever is necessary to persuade them. Of course, she has no intention of honoring her agreement, as she and Jerzi plan to kill the PCs after they dispose of the Baron.

Jerzi is also here, perching in the darkness of a windowsill in hybrid form. As a human, Jerzi appears as a 16-year-old boy, but he is in reality over 40. He attacks only if Liza is threatened. Both know where Mikel Gunderling is kept, but they are restrained by their master from revealing the location or any hint of it.

Liza keeps her private stash of treasure in a locked drawer of her desk. It consists of 43 gp, 55 sp, a massive ring of keys to all of the doors in the Keep, and a vial that is labeled to contain a potion of *healing* but that in actuality contains giant spider venom (Type F poison). A secret drawer under the desk contains her real treasure: two potions of *extra-healing*, a potion of *giant strength*, and a potion of *speed*.

Once the PCs have slain the Baron, Liza keeps the potion of *giant strength* for herself, giving the potion of *speed* to Jerzi. The werebats imbibe the potions before launching their own attack to kill the PCs so that they can claim Eyrie as their own. They also share the potions of *extra-healing* in case they must retreat from the PCs.

A very careful examination (2+ hours) of Liza's ledger reveals that she has been embezzling from the Baron for years. A margin note refers to the hidden sack within the carriage in the stable (see area 5).

17. Barracks, Third Floor. Two windows on each wall allowed the original guards of the Keep to watch the pass below.

Unless the PCs have already confronted and wounded El Aviador from area 22, this room is empty. If El Aviador is here nursing his wounds, he attacks and fights to the death.

18. Officers' Tower, Third Floor. The top level of the tower has eight windows set along the walls, allowing a full view of the Keep, the surrounding environs, and the landscape below Eyrie. A weapon rack equipped with ordinary swords and spears is bolted to the west wall.

A set of field plate armor stands in the northeastern corner of the room, although an armor-hungry PC may not wish to wear it: after the characters have spent a full turn within the room, blood begins to gush from the armor's visor and seams. Anyone seeing this spectacle must make a fear check. The blood stops when everyone has left the room; it vanishes and leaves no mark or stain. The armor does not radiate magic. If removed from the Keep, it ceases its bloody flow and returns to being normal in all respects.

19. Commander's Tower, First Floor. The doorway that originally led between the commander's tower and the grand hall has been sealed with a 2'-thick wall of stone. The false Baron exits and enters the tower through the crumbled roof on the tower's top floor.

A set of spiral stairs in the southeast corner leads upward.

If the PCs strain their ears, they can hear an urgent conversation between two whispering voices, although the words are unintelligible. Again, this is simply a "psychic impression" of the Keep's long-dead inhabitants, and it is harmless to everything but one's sanity.

20. Commander's Tower, Second Floor. The room is dusty and bare. The spiral staircase continues upward in the southeast corner. Two minotaur skeletons, each wielding a *battleaxe +1*, stand in the northeast and southwest corners. They animate and attack only if they are touched or if an attempt is made to take their weapons. Even if only one is disturbed, they animate simultaneously. The skeletons are creations of El Aviador and obey his commands only.

Minotaur skeletons (2): INT non-; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 or by weapon; SD immune to cold-based attacks, sharp-edged weapons inflict only half damage; MR immune to *sleep, charm, hold, fear* spells; SZ L; ML 20; XP 650; *MM*/315.

21. Commander's Tower, Third Floor. This windowless room was once the office of the Keep's commander, but it has been converted into the Baron's safe room. Trunks filled with the bulk of his treasure cover the floor, spilling their contents to create a dusty, clinking carpet. There are 2,400 ep, 220 pp, 3,876 gp, 6,120 sp, and 5,518 cp, plus 20 gems (value determined by the DM). Most of this money was taken from the victims of Eyrie; it is what the real Baron uses to finance the Keep and its "employees." There is also a pile of arms and armor, including helms, swords, and shields (10–20 pieces). All are nonmagical, except for a buried dwarven-sized suit of *chain mail +2*.

22. Commander's Tower, Fourth Floor.

The peaked roof of the bedroom is twenty feet high; gaping holes in it allow the sky to look through. A four-poster bed, covered in tattered silk sheets, occupies the majority of the room. A wardrobe sits to one

side of the bed. To the other side is a desk and chair. The desk is littered with notes, essays, and books, all of a clerical nature.

An animal-like smell lingers in the air, somewhat different from that you have noticed elsewhere in the castle.

This is the dwelling of El Aviador, the false Baron, who emerges from his room only for dinner. He prefers to sleep by hanging from the rafters in full bat form. If not sleeping, he is in human form.

Once the leader of a tribe of werebats in a distant jungle domain of Ravenloft, El Aviador came to Eyrie to investigate the appearance of this mysterious floating castle over his countryside. Before he could leave, Eyrie disappeared back into the Mists. Cut off from his people and the power that he once possessed, El Aviador descended into megalomania, declaring Eyrie to be his new sovereign realm.

This behavior amused the true Baron and gave him the idea of using El Aviador as a dupe, shielding him from the attacks of would-be assassins. He allowed the mad visitor to presume himself the lord of the castle and took the role of cook for himself, preferring the solitude of his books to the company of his mewling minions and the crazy fruit bat. El Aviador immediately took up residence in the Commander's Tower and began referring to himself as "Baron El Aviador."

El Aviador believes he can control the flight path of Eyrie. (In fact, he has no control of it whatsoever and merely blusters if confronted with that reality.) As nobility, he expects subservience from everyone he encounters, including the other inhabitants of the Keep. Because it fits with the plans of the actual Baron, El Aviador receives that respect from the lesser werebats and, if necessary for appearance, from the Baron himself.

El Aviador is unlike the others in that he is a member of a rare subspecies of tropical werebat. Both his hybrid and true bat forms are much larger than those of a regular werebat (6′ hybrid, 3′ bat), and his features while in these forms are much more canine in appearance, closely resembling a "flying fox." He does not subsist on a diet of blood as do the other werebats; instead, he requires a steady diet of fruit. This makes him marginally less temperamental than other werebats, since he doesn't regard humans and other races as food.

El Aviador does not attack unless provoked or if he feels that the PCs are not showing him the proper amount of respect his station deserves. If combat occurs, El Aviador summons the minotaur skeletons from area 20, unless they have already been destroyed. He uses his bedroom's height to full advantage, flying in hybrid form through the holes in the roof, where he perches to cast spells upon the PCs below. Failing that, he attacks physically by dive-bombing his foes. If reduced to fewer than 15 hp, he seeks to escape to area 17.

El Aviador does not know the whereabouts of Mikel Gunderling, nor who or what a "Gunderling" is.

El Aviador (true werebat): AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); C6; HD 4+2 hp 34; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; S 16, D 14, C 16, I 12, W 16, Ch 15; SA 2% per point of damage inflicted that victim contracts lycanthropy; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/233;

Spells: *command, cure light wounds* (×2), *curse, protection from good; aid, charm person or mammal, hold person, resist fire/cold, silence 15′ radius; animate dead, cause disease.*

The false Baron has no personal treasure, since he believes all of the treasure on the floor below to be his.

The wardrobe contains several complete sets of human-sized formal clothing, including a fur cloak and silk suits and robes, (total value of 7,000 gp). A secret drawer in the top of the wardrobe contains miscellaneous jewelry, including jeweled rings and brooches (2–16 pieces worth 100–400 gp each).

Confronting the Baron

The Baron attacks only if he is attacked first or if anyone tries to get past him and into the pantry where Gunderling is kept. Once combat begins, the Baron closes the borders and does not reopen them until everyone is dead or until he has been reduced below 10 hp.

It must be stressed that slaying the Baron is not a prerequisite to completing this adventure. The Baron is a powerful opponent, and in the hands of a good DM he can become a nemesis of terrible proportions. Good villains always stick around for a sequel. However, the PCs must get past him in order to remove the border-winds which surround Eyrie. If his wounds reduce him to 10 hp or fewer, the border automatically opens until the Baron has regained sufficient strength (in other words, 10+ hp).

The Baron (true werebat): AL N; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); M7; HD 4+2 hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; S 17, D 15, C 17, I 16, W 15, Ch 15; SA 2% per hp damage inflicted that victim contracts lycanthropy; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/233;

Spells: *charm person, chill touch, magic missile* (×2), *wall of fog; invisibility, mirror image, web; lightning bolt, vampiric touch; minor globe of invulnerability.*

As the Darklord of Eyrie, the Baron has several unique abilities. First, as noted above, he can close or open the borders at will. Secondly, once per day, he can conjure an *aerial servant* to assist him. If attacked by the PCs, this is the first thing he does. Lastly, the Baron has control over all of the winged, non-fantastical animals of Eyrie. Not only can he hear or see what they are hearing or seeing at any given time, but he can summon 1–10 ravens or 1–2 hawks from the cliffs around the Keep once per round. He can also summon the bat swarm from area 5 in one round. The Baron can take no other actions during that round, and the animals arrive in 1–4 rounds.

Aerial servant: INT semi-; AL N; AC 3; MV 12, fly 24 (A); HD 16 hp 90; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 8d4; SA victims suffer –5 on surprise rolls, a struck victim needs to roll twice its *bend bars* chance to break the servant's grasp or continue to suffer damage; SD +1 or better weapon needed to hit; SZ L; ML 14; XP 9,000; *MM*/101.

After summoning his aerial servant, and if it is night, the Baron also calls upon the remaining infected werebats to join him. He forces them to fight to the death (much to their chagrin and dismay), but he has no power over El Aviador. He then uses his avian-summoning abilities and spells against the PCs. If the battle begins to go badly for him and his allies, the Baron tries to maneuver the PCs into the grand hall where, in hybrid form, he can fully utilize his ability to fly.

Among the clutter in the kitchen, four scrolls are being used as bookmarks: *levitation, knock, transmute rock*

to mud, and *Evard's black tentacles*, all cast at 9th level. The Baron knows the precise location of each scroll and uses them if his spells run out—and if he can get to them in time.

The Baron is trapped within his domain and cannot fly more than 60' from the surface of Eyrie. If he tries to fly past that point, the border winds sweep him back onto the surface.

The Baron wears a signet ring engraved with his family's crest; a long-tailed bat. The Baron gives up this ring only upon his death. The ring has a 10% chance of being recognized by werebats in future adventures (whether it is a positive or negative reaction is left up to the DM), and the ring has a 25% chance of turning the alignment of any PC who wears it to evil.

If, after they defeat the Baron and his minions, the PCs decide to see what's in the pantry, read the following aloud:

> You throw back the door to look upon an awful sight: Mikel Gunderling, stripped of all but his breeches, hanging from shackles in the wall. Sweat glistens on his face as he dangles unconscious from the bonds. A gag has been stuffed into his mouth. Red welts criss-cross his torso and shoulders.

Gunderling is more than thankful for being rescued; however, he is so weak from his ordeal that he is unable to fight, cast spells, or engage in anything more difficult than walking until he has been allowed to rest for at least 12 hours.

Concluding the Adventure

With or without Gunderling, the PCs should eventually return to the surface below, whether by magic, leaping into the lake, or otherwise. Once they have left, read the following:

> Breathless from your descent, you turn your heads back to the dark globe of Eyrie. As you do an arc of lightning flashes on the north horizon. Like a summons, Eyrie responds and begins moving toward the Mists, leaving its shadow across the whitecaps of the lake. The wind picks up. You look around to see the Mists rushing in on all sides. Your last glimpse of Eyrie before it vanishes in the mist is that of a bolt of lightning striking the tallest tower, blowing huge chunks of masonry into the air. Then it is gone.

The DM should grant a shared story award of 20,000 XP for rescuing Mikel Gunderling, and an additional 10,000 XP if the Baron and all of the werebats were destroyed.

If the Baron was not slain, he continues to haunt the skies, looking for more victims to drain. If Liza or any other of the werebats live on in the wake of the Baron's destruction, Liza's dream of a floating werebat citadel might become a reality. If it was deserted, who knows who would discover it and use its powers?

If word of the flying citadel makes it to the core domains of Ravenloft, Vlad Drakov may wish to use it to conquer Darkon at last—if he could learn to control it. The Lord of Barovia would give much to possess a flying castle as well.

DMs are encouraged to change or add on to Eyrie as they see fit. A great deal of space has been left blank; namely, the tons of rock underneath the Keep. Who knows what beings lurk in the tunnels—or what treasures the Baron has secreted there? And what about weapons? Surely Eyrie has had to fend off a few attacks from dragons or other large flying monsters. Perhaps some catapults or more magically-inclined weapons would line the battlements; the Keep was once a well-equipped fortress.

It may be that the memory of the Baron and his eyrie, like the dampness within the Keep's walls, will continue to seep into the bones of the PCs long after they have left. Ω

THE MENACING MALADY

BY CHRISTOPHER PERKINS

The doctor is out . . . of patients!

Artwork by Phillip Robb

This is my 12th DUNGEON® *Adventures scenario, 13th if you count "Wards of Witching Ways" in Issue #11, which I wrote under an inane pseudonym. (I still have the original manuscript with editor's marks to prove it!) All I can say is that my teenaged years were fraught with confusion and mystery and leave it at that.*

"The Menacing Malady" is an AD&D® city adventure designed for 3–5 PCs of levels 2–4 (about 12 total levels). The party would benefit from the presence of a paladin, although one is not required. Possible settings for this adventure include: Mirros (Specularum) in the MYSTARA® setting; the Free City of Greyhawk, in the World of GREYHAWK® campaign; or Waterdeep in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting. The names of streets, buildings, and NPCs may be changed to suit the DM's own campaign.

Before beginning play, the DM should read over the descriptions of russet mold and mold men (vegepygmies) found on pages 255–256 of the MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome. These creatures feature prominently in this scenario.

Adventure Background

The Crescent Street Hospital & Herbalist is located in the heart of the city. In addition to providing herbal cures for the sick, the staff at the hospital runs a shop that sells rare herbal enemas, salves, medicines, and teas. They also maintain a large, enclosed arboretum where many of their healing plants and herbs are grown on site. The two-storied building is justifiably large since it houses not only the arboretum and store but also dorms for the hospital staff and their patients.

The building has two double-door entrances—one leading to the herbalist's shop, the other leading to the waiting room of the infirmary. The store is run by a vigorous middle-aged woman named Allenna, who also serves as the infirmary's head nurse. The hospital administrator is Dr. Edwin Alastair. Neither Allenna nor Edwin are priests, although they are skilled herbalists and gifted natural healers. The rest of the hospital staff consists of 1st-level clerics drafted from the local Temple of Healing and non-clerical nurses, who provide courtesy and comfort to the hospital's resident and visiting patients.

The Crescent Street Hospital is partially funded by local merchant and service guilds—organizations that value the herbs and ministrations that the hospital provides. Profits from the herbalist's shop easily cover any unanticipated expenses. Such funds are usually held in trust, given to families of patients who die despite the hospital's ministrations, or spent procuring seeds which are then planted in the arboretum. Until recently, the hospital had a reputation for being a safe haven or sanctuary against the ravages of a disease-ridden world. However, this reputation is in imminent danger of being tarnished.

Last night, several hours after the clerical interns had returned to the local Temple of Healing, a strange and sinister malady beset the patients of the Crescent Street Hospital. Something or someone entered their private rooms and infected each of them with a "disease" which transformed them into plant-like monsters. When members of the hospital staff awoke the next morning, they discovered that the building was overrun with vicious vegepygmies. The nurses fled the infirmary, not realizing that the "plant-men" were actually transformed patients. As Allenna led her nurses to safety, Dr. Alastair stayed behind to search for his patients but found none. Upon searching one dormitory, he noticed one of the creatures wearing a tattered patient's robe. It didn't take the good doctor long to realize the truth. Reluctant to harm any of the "plant-men," the doctor soon found himself cornered and unable to escape.

The PCs are out for an early morning "stroll" down Crescent Street when they see Allenna Dean and her fellow nurses fleeing the building via the doors to the herbalist's shop. Pursuing them is one of the nasty plant-men. The PCs may be forced to subdue or slay this creature to spare the nurses from harm.

For the Dungeon Master

The patients of the Crescent Street Hospital have been exposed to russet mold. By inhaling the mold's spores, they have transformed into mold men. The russet mold is not one of the infirmary's indigenous plants; rather, it was brought to the hospital by a doppleganger named Skargle. Several days ago, the doppleganger abducted one of the nurses (a pleasant elderly woman named Ezra Farell), killed her, and assumed her place.

Skargle works for a secret cult dedicated to some deity of Entropy. In the FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign, this deity is the dead god Bhaal. In the GREYHAWK setting, the cultists venerate Incabulos. In the MYSTARA setting, they worship some lesser Immortal representing death and decay. The cultists despise Dr. Alastair's clinic and wish to see the hospital discredited and put out of business.

After locating a patch of russet mold in some distant cave, the cultists gave an empty jar to the mercenary doppleganger. Immune to the deadly spores, Skargle placed a sample of the russet mold inside the jar and returned to the infirmary in his "Ezra" disguise. While the rest of the staff slept, Skargle crept downstairs and entered the patients' quarters. The doppleganger infected the patients by unscrewing the jar and exposing their lungs to the russet mold spores. When the last patient was infected, Skargle returned to "bed," choosing to remain nearby and see how the scheme would play out. Absently, the doppleganger left the incriminating jar of russet mold in one of the patient dormitories (area 13a).

The only person who realizes that the mold men are actually the patients is Dr. Edwin Alastair. If the PCs find him (in area 13d), the doctor orders the PCs to subdue but not harm the mold men. He suspects the patients have been infected with a strange fungal disease which is potentially reversible. Dr. Alastair has several herbal potions which may restore the patients to their former selves, provided he or the party can get to them. These rare potions are stored in the herbalist's shop (area 5).

Time is of the essence. Dr. Alastair is not in imminent danger despite his predicament. (The mold men have not harmed him and would not think to use him as a hostage.) However, shortly after the party arrives, the patients' metamorphosis will become permanent and irreversible. The PCs have one chance to restore the patients to normal. (See "The Mold Men Menace" below for details.) Some of the vegepygmies know who is responsible for infecting them; however, they can communicate this only in human form (barring the use of *speak with plants* spells). If the PCs obtain this information, they can confront the doppleganger in its "Ezra" disguise and either capture it, kill it, or drive it away. They may even learn who hired the doppleganger and why.

The Mold Men Menace

The DM will have to invent some reason why the PCs are venturing down Crescent Street the morning of the "plant-men incident." Depending on the laws of the city, the PCs may not be wearing their armor or carrying their weapons when they see the nurses fleeing the hospital with the lone mold man in pursuit. This could give the module a whole new wrinkle and force the players to improvise for weapons and armor!

Mold men that are created from russet mold all possess similar statistics. The mold men encountered at the hospital all have 5 HD. Their diminished size is what kept the nurses from suspecting that the vegepygmies were actually transformed patients. Despite the drastic physical alterations, the patients can still be rescued. By fortunate happenstance, Dr. Alastair procured several *potions of host restoration* from a druid searching for a way to treat olive slime victims. The magical brews are untested but effective antidotes against the russet mold spores. Each mold man injected with the restoration fluid is entitled to a saving throw vs. petrification to resist the *potion*; failure indicates that the mold man reverts to human form in 1d4+1 turns after a painful metamorphosis. A successful save indicates that the mold man has resisted the potion's effect and cannot be reverted back to human form (barring a *wish* spell). Spraying the mold men with the *potion* isn't nearly as effective; as a result, the mold men receive a +2 modifier to their save.

The *potions of host restoration* have a desirable side effect that helps ensure the patients' survival. Exposure to russet mold spores inflicts an immediate 5d4 hp damage followed by 5d4 rounds of paralysis (the latter effect pending a successful save vs. poison). Technically, all of the patients died of exposure to the russet mold spores simply because they were 0-level and didn't have the hit points to handle the damage. However, the patients were brought back to life when they became mold men. In effect, the mold's deadly spores "healed" the victims once their

Crescent Street Infirmary
Standard Visiting Fees

Consultations & Appointments	*2 sp/hour*
Residence (bedrest & meals provided)	*3 gp/day*
Medicines & Treatments	*1 gp minimum*
(fees vary depending on the nature of the treatment)	*500 gp maximum*

All fees are negotiable.

Dr. E. Alastair.

metamorphosis was complete. If restored to their human forms using the magic brew, the patients will be alive and well thanks to the very spores that killed them!

There are 12 mold men in total, and their statistics are as follows:

Mold men (12): INT low; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5; hp 33, 31, 25 (×3), 24, 21 (×2), 18, 15, 13 (×2); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 or by weapon; SD piercing weapons inflict 1 hp damage/attack; immune to electrical attacks and *charm* spells (except spells that affect plants); always receive saving throws vs. enchantments (even if saving throws are normally disallowed); SZ M (4′ tall); ML 10; XP 650 (325 if slain); *MM*/256.

Chaos on Crescent Street

As the PCs approach the Crescent Street Hospital & Herbalist, they see Allenna Dean and five nurses fleeing the building via the double-doors to the herbalist's shop:

> Six women emerge from a nearby building, shouting to you for aid. They are all wearing bed robes and have terrified expressions etched into their faces. Pursuing them into the street is a short bipedal creature that seems to be composed entirely of plant-like matter.

The nurses are being chased by an unarmed mold man (hp 13). Upon seeing the PCs nearby, the women rush to the party for aid. If the mold man makes a successful morale check, it continues to pursue and rakes anyone who stands in its way; if it fails its morale roll, the vegepygmy realizes that it is outnumbered and retreats into the herbalist's shop (area 5), hiding behind the clerk's counter.

Allenna Dean quickly notices Edwin's absence and asks the PCs to search the hospital for signs of the doctor and any of the hospital's twelve patients. The DM may recite Allenna's plea at this time:

> "Dr. Edwin Alastair, the hospital administrator, is missing. He must still be inside the building. Someone has to find him and make sure he's all right! There are also twelve patients trapped in the infirmary. They'll never be able to escape by themselves, not with those creatures running around. You must do something to save them!"

Allenna has a silver ring with keys to all the locked doors in the hospital. She hands the party this ring if they agree to search the building for signs of the doctor and the "missing" patients. Unknown to Allenna and the PCs, one of the fleeing nurses is actually the doppleganger Skargle. Skargle remains at the scene to witness the events at the hospital as they unfold, and to verify the fate of Dr. Alastair.

Allenna Dean (herbalist): AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; I 15, W 16, Ch 15; ML 9; nightgown, carries a ring of keys (see above).

Allenna has the *herbalism* and *healing* proficiencies and is happy to tend any PCs who suffer wounds at the hands of the mold men.

Mary, **Flora**, **Antonina**, and **Elise** (nurses): AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; night robe, unarmed. These four women are very gentle and fight only in self-defense. They have no healing abilities.

"Ezra" (Skargle the doppleganger): INT very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 17; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA surprise, limited *ESP* ability; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; save as F10; immune to russet mold spores; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/60.

Skargle is disguised as Ezra Farell, an elderly nurse well-liked by the rest of the hospital staff. The doppleganger is not affected by the metamorphing effects of russet mold spores. The creature's lungs are capable of expelling the invasive spores before they inflict any damage.

The Hospital & Herbalist Shop

Allenna Dean gives the party her keys to all locked doors in the hospital. She does not, however, have the keys to open locked cabinets and coffers. Only Dr. Alastair carries keys for these items. PCs may enter the hospital via the hospital entrance (area 1), the shop entrance (area 5), or one of the locked fire doors (area 14).

Several magic effects have been cast within the hospital to add a measure of comfort. Illumination is provided by *continual light* spells that snap on and off upon command, simply by saying "lights on" or "lights off." The vegetable garden (area 3) and the gardens of the arboretum (area 23a–i) also have adjustible *control temperature* spells placed upon them. These enchantments were cast by priests—friends of Dr. Edwin Alastair.

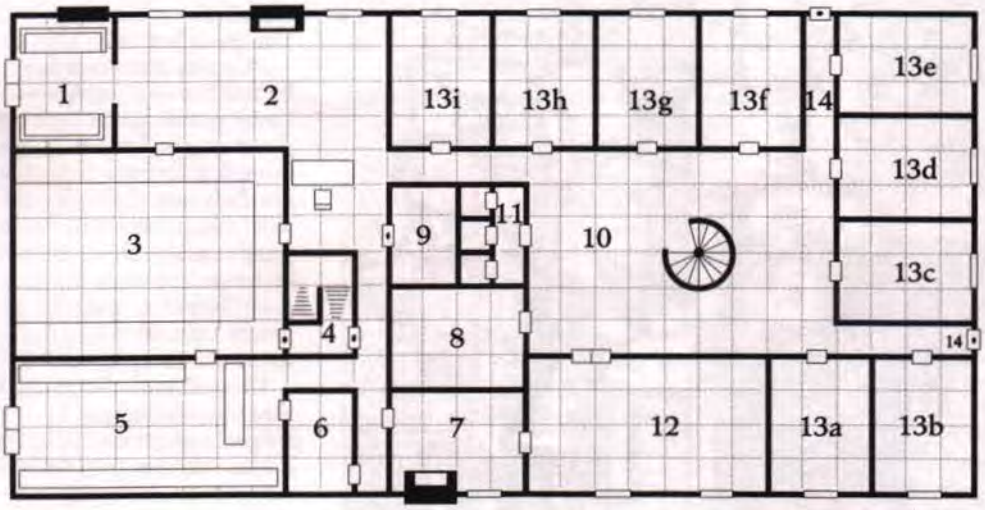
Ground Floor

1. Entrance & Waiting Room. The hospital's hours are from 7:00 A.M. to 12:00 midnight. Visiting hours are 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. At midnight, however, the doors are locked shut.

Two couches occupy this tidy room. Anyone who walks through the archway (leading to area 2) triggers a permanent *alarm* spell that sounds like a soft, ringing bell. This is meant to alert the nurse at the desk. During the hos-

Crescent Street Hospital & Herbalist

One square = 5'



Ground Floor

pital's "closed" hours (between midnight and 7:00 A.M.), the *alarm* rings in areas 17 and 19, alerting the doctor and the head nurse to any intrusion. A successful *dispel magic* negates the *alarm* spell. A sign next to the archway reads (in common): "Please see nurse at desk to schedule an appointment." Under the message is a plaque listing standard visiting fees. (See players' handout).

Visiting patients who have not scheduled appointments are asked to wait here until Dr. Alastair has a chance to meet them and ask some rudimentary questions. Dr. Alastair does not charge fees to patients who are clearly unable to pay, but standard visiting fees for wealthier patients are 2 sp per hour (for appointments and consultations) or 3 gp per day (for resident patients). Medicines and treatments range from 1 gp to 500 gp depending on the nature of the treatment. Dr. Alastair does not cater to the rich and considers these fees negotiable.

2. Sitting Room & Nurse's Desk. A fireplace is set into the outside wall of this wood-paneled room. Three circular tables with chairs rest in the middle of the floor and are frequently used by resident patients for card playing or social gathering. Hanging on the wall directly across from the main entrance (area 1) is a large tapestry depicting a white-robed saint and his train of followers. The tapestry is exquisite (weight 30 lbs.) and is worth 650 gp.

In one corner of the room sits the nurse's desk. The desk drawer contains an appointment ledger and patient files. The files list patient names, diagnoses and doctor recommendations. Only current files are kept in the desk drawer; old and outdated files are stored in area 8. The desk is locked when there is no nurse present. The nurse in charge of the desk wears the key on a string around her neck, but a spare key is hidden on the ledge above the door leading to area 3. Dr. Alastair also has a key.

3. Vegetable Garden. This room takes up the full two floors with an enclosed, overhanging balcony 15' above the floor. The chamber is lit by *continual light* spells and whatever light enters through two 10' square skylights in the roof.

Occupying most of this chamber is a beautifully-cultivated garden containing all kinds of vegetables: tomatoes, carrots, asparagus, onions, broccoli, rhubarb, beets, and other, more exotic foods. These vegetables are taken to the hospital kitchen (area 7) for preparation, as most of Dr. Alastair's patients enjoy a healthy vegetarian diet.

Standing in the middle of the garden are two mold men (hp 25, 18). The 25-hp mold man has embedded its feet in the rich garden soil and has just started the procreative process of "budding." (Having reached this developmental stage, the success of changing the mold man back into a human is diminished, and it saves against the *potions of host restoration* at +3.) The 18-hp mold man is soaking its comrade's feet with a watering can. If the budding process is allowed to continue, the buds will "drop off" in 1d6 turns and sprout 1d4+1 mold men, each with 1 HD. If the mold men fail a morale check, they flee and hide in areas 2 or 5, whichever is not blocked or inhabited by the PCs. The "budding" can not occur if the mold men are chased out of the garden prematurely.

Small mold men (1d4+1): INT low; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD see "The Mold Men Menace" above; SZ S (2' tall); ML 8; XP 120; *MM*/256. These mold men are not affected by the *potions of host restoration*.

4. Locked Staircase. The doors leading to this staircase are locked. The stairs lead to the upper floor, which is reserved almost exclusively for the hospital staff.

5. Herbalist's Shop. The herbalist shop is open weekdays between the hours of 9:00 A.M. and 9:00 P.M.. When not running the store, the herbalist Allenna Dean, serves as head nurse of the hospital. She works in the hospital all weekend, which is why the shop is closed at that time. Suspended above the door is a tiny brass bell that jingles whenever the door is opened.

Hiding under the shop counter opposite the main entrance is a mold man (hp 15). If the mold man that chased the nurses outside (hp 13) was forced to retreat into the store, it also seeks refuge behind the counter. If the mold men fail a morale check, they retreat to areas 2 or 10, whichever is more plausible considering PC actions.

The shop is more than a store where visitors can buy ointments, teas, and other herbal seasonings. It also serves as the supply room for the hospital. If Dr. Alastair requires a specific herbal treatment for a patient or if the kitchen needs a particular herbal seasoning, Allenna fills the "order" from the shop's seemingly endless stock.

The shop contains shelves upon shelves of pouches, jars, bottles and boxes, each carefully labeled. Virtually any natural herb can be found here, as well as several herbal brews. None of the potions or herbs are lethal, and those that are mildly poisonous are carefully marked with ink-drawn skulls. Prices naturally vary, but a complete price list is engraved on wooden signs hanging from the ceiling. The cheapest herb is garlic, priced at 1 cp/ounce. The most expensive herbs and brews are 30 gp and up. For a sample list of prices, the DM may refer to pages 115–117 of *Aurora's Whole Realms Catalogue*.

Also on the shelf are six bottles labeled "brew of restoration." These are the *potions of host restoration* that the PCs need to transform the mold men back into human form. Each bottle contains enough fluid to inject or spray three mold men, provided the PCs have a means to administer the liquid in moderation (such as the syringes in area 9, the soil syringe in area 16, or the spray bottle in area 20).

PCs can procure a number of druidic herbal brews from Allenna. Some of these potent, non-magical salves and powders are fully described in *The Complete Druid's Handbook* (except scarfade, venompurge, wakemoss, and willowdust, which are new) and were purchased by Dr. Alastair at moderate expense. The shop keeps 1d10 bottles of each "brew" in inventory, and prices range from 10–40 gp per unit (1d4 applications/unit).

Crawlbane (10 gp/bottle): This ointment repels insects, even those summoned using *insect plague, creeping doom,* and *summon swarm* spells. Giant insects attack the wearer of the ointment at –3.

Deathmock (25 gp for 3 tea pouches): This tea puts the imbiber in a cataleptic trance for 2d4 days, during which time he requires no food or drink and needs one-twentieth of the air normal people use. The drinker can also survive in freezing temperatures.

Hushthorn (25 gp for 3 tea pouches): This tea causes drinkers to fall into a deep sleep from which they cannot be awakened for 2d10+13 hours. A save vs. poison is allowed to resist the brew.

Scarfade (15 gp/salve): This gelatinous salve is usually bandaged over a wound. Not only does the wound close in 1d3+1 hours, healing 1d6 hp damage, but the salve leaves no trace of a scar if the healing from the salve cures all the damage of the wound.

Venompurge (30 gp/bottle): This liquid removes venom and other poisonous fluids from the body, granting the afflicted individuals a second save vs. poison to counter the venom's effects (provided the individual hasn't already suffered the poison's full effects). Each bottle contains enough liquid for two injections.

Wakemoss (10 gp/pouch): When heated and eaten, this bittersweet substance keeps the individual awake and alert, effectively negating the need for a full night's sleep. Each pouch contains enough moss for four people.

Willowdust (40 gp/pouch): When inhaled, this feathery white dust rids the individual of pain without feeling sedated. The inhaler does not regain lost hit points but functions normally without pain with as few as 1 hp remaining. If the inhaler suffers an additional wound, he must save vs. petrification or the willowdust loses its effect and the pain is felt. Each pouch contains sufficient dust for three doses.

6. Office & Storeroom. In addition to its function as a storeroom, this windowless chamber serves as Allenna Dean's office, and a desk has been strategically placed in the center of the floor. The walls are lined with shelves containing dozens of empty bottles, pouches, and jars, as well as sacks of unmixed herbs recently obtained from local merchants.

Inside the desk drawer is a small, locked coffer labeled "Property of the Crescent Street Hospital." Dr. Alastair has a key to the coffer, but a spare key is hidden in a painted jar marked "Lockroot" hidden on a nearby shelf. Inside the coffer are three magical potions correctly labeled as *plant control, vitality* and *extra-healing*. Clever PCs may use this potion of *plant control* to influence the mold men and lead them into a trap.

The top of Allenna's desk is covered with receipts and requisitions that she is in the midst of sorting. Normally they are kept in the drawer with the magical potions.

7. Kitchen. This room is equipped with all the standard amenities of a kitchen. The nurses are all excellent cooks and devote considerable energy preparing nutritious yet tasty meals for their ailing charges. The kitchen is dominated by a large work table positioned in the middle of the floor. The walls of the kitchen could best be described as cluttered.

Although the kitchen appears to be unoccupied, it is actually the lair of a mold man (hp 25). The mold man is hiding under the water in a wash basin positioned beneath the kitchen window and wields a kitchen cleaver (Dmg 1d6). When anyone comes within 5', the saturated mold man leaps out to attack, imposing a –2 surprise modifer to its opponents' rolls. If the mold man fails a morale check, it runs out the nearest (preferably open) door. Because the mold man is water-logged, its movement rate drops to 9.

8. Storeroom. This room serves as a storage facility for perishable supplies or portable equipment such as bed sheets, towels, patient robes, footpans, bedpans, and writing paper. These items are stored in three locked wooden cabinets, and Dr. Alastair has a key that fits each lock.

Among the more common items stored in the cabinets are several boxes containing old and outdated patient files. These files provide a thorough chronicle of the hospital's history, dating back to their very first patient brought in five years ago. Dr. Alastair is loathe to discard the files but has little use for them.

9. Doctor's Office. The door to this room is locked. Inside the office is a desk, behind which is a tall, comfortable chair and a tapestry (weight 30 lbs., worth 375 gp) depicting a woman basking in the healing rays of a radiant sun). The desk contains several sheaves of blank paper, ink jars, and quill pens. Dr. Alastair also stores two large glass and metal syringes in a secret compartment. These are used when the doctor must inject medicine into his patients. The PCs may use the syringes to inject the *potions of host restoration* on a successful attack roll against a mold man. The bottom drawer of the desk is lined with metal and is affected by a permanent *control temperature* spell that keeps the drawer cool. Contained within are 10 half-liter jars of blood (of various human blood types).

Two armchairs are arranged in front of the desk, while a locked cabinet stands against the wall by the door. Inside the cabinet are several bottles and jars containing herbal concoctions and natural medicines. All the bottles are labeled in Edwin Alastair's shorthand, which only he and Allenna Dean can read. Casting a *comprehend languages* on the bottles also enables the reader to decipher the labels. None of the liquids are magical, but the medicines are designed to be administered through injection. Some of the more "useful" fluids include *hushthorn* (see area 5), *Dr. A's elixir of sustenance* (injected; provides all the nutrients of three healthy meals and alleviates hunger for 2d6+12 hours), and *venom-purge* (see area 5). Dr. Alastair keeps 1d3+1 bottles of each concoction.

10. Common Room. The floorspace in this room is taken up by carpets, armchairs, end tables, and sofas. The furniture and wall hangings are meant to provide the patients with a sense of comfort. Adding a touch of color to the wood-paneled walls and mahogany furniture are several potted plants. A spiral staircase ascends to the arboretum on the upper floor (area 23).

Occupying this room is a mold man (hp 21). It is hiding behind the spiral staircase and tries to remain hidden from view. If detected, the mold man either attacks with a broom taken from the kitchen (Dmg 1d3 plus 10% chance of blinding opponent for 1d4 rounds with the bristles), hides behind one of the sofas, or sneaks into the dining room (area 12) and hides in the cabinet. If cornered, the mold man defends itself with the broom, keeping opponents beyond arm's length. If disarmed, the creature fights with its claws.

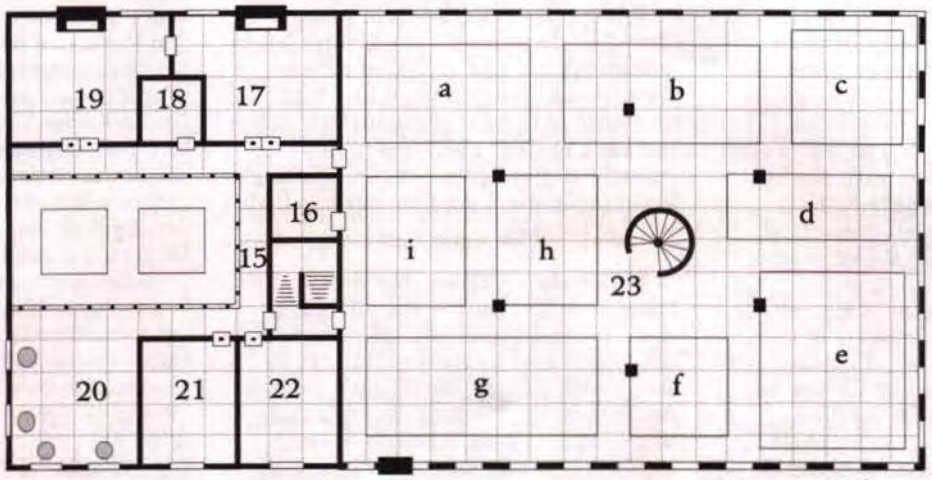
11. Toilets. This area consists of three cubicles, each containing a wooden chair with the "seat" cut out. On a tray beneath the seat sits a wastepan, while nearby is a rack of disposable cloths and towels. On the inside of each cubicle door is a steel hook. Hanging above each toilet seat is a flower pot filled with dried herbs that give off a strong, pleasant scent.

Hidden in one of the three cubicles is a mold man (hp 13). If it senses intruders and fails a morale check, it hangs from the hook on the cubicle door to escape detection. If it makes its moral check, it lunges out at the first person to open the door. This mold man wears the tattered and soiled remains of a patient's robe.

12. Dining Room. Occupying this chamber is a long mahogany table surrounded by 14 simple wooden chairs. Arranged neatly upon the table are twelve sets of copper dishware and three unlit candles in copper holders. Additional dishes are stored in an unlocked cabinet near the door to the kitchen. Although there are places where the mold men can hide (such as inside the cabinet), there are none in this area when the PCs first arrive.

Crescent Street Hospital & Herbalist

One square = 5'



Upper Floor

13. Patient Dormitories. Each of these rooms is furnished with a pair of beds, two storage chests (unlocked; contains patient belongings), a table, two chairs, and a plush rug to warm the otherwise bare wooden floor. The beds all have cotton-filled mattresses, bed sheets and stuffed pillows, providing an aura of simple comfort. Some of the rooms contain patient robes discarded by the mold men after their transformation. None of the rooms are lit, although programmed *continual light* spells can be operated simply by speaking the phrases "lights on" and "lights off."

Area **13a** is unremarkable save for a large cylindrical jar sitting atop the table. The jar's mouth is about 4" in diameter, and inside the glass container is a lumpy golden-brown substance. If the jar's lid is unscrewed, the porridge-like ooze emits a 3' radius cloud of spores. This is the russet mold left behind by Skargle the doppleganger and is extremely hazardous. If the *continual light* spell in this room is activated (see above), the mold begins to burn and smolder, and it "dies" after 1d4 rounds of exposure.

Russet mold (small patch): INT non-; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD n/a; THAC0 n/a; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA spores inflict 5d4 hp damage, paralyze for 5d4 rounds (after which victim dies unless a *cure disease* is cast); SD immune to weapons and most spells (*cure disease* and *continual light* spells destroy it); only harmed by alcohol, salt, and acid; SZ S; ML n/a; XP 35; *MM*/255 (mold).

Area **13d** contains a mold man (hp 33) and its prisoner, Dr. Alastair. The doctor is sitting quietly on the edge of one bed, doing his best not to provoke the vegepygmy. Edwin knows that the mold men are his patients and is quite explicit in telling the PCs not to harm them.

The doctor is convinced the mold men can be "saved" using the potions of *host restoration* in area 5. If the PCs enter the room, he quickly tells them to fetch the potions and something to spray or inject the liquid. Dr. Alastair knows there are two syringes in his desk (area 9) and a soil syringe upstairs (area 16). He doesn't think of the spray can in area 20; it was left there by one of the nurses. If the PCs subdue the vegepygmy, Edwin also remembers that there is a potion of *plant control* in a locked wooden coffer located in Allenna's office. (The potion may prove useful against the "plant-men.") He gives the party his keys so the PCs can unlock the coffer when they find it.

Dr. Alastair cannot determine what caused the patients' transformations but is suspicious of the russet mold in area 13a (once it is shown to him, of course). He is not careless and refrains from removing the jar's lid.

Dr. Edwin Alastair (hospital administrator): AL LG; AC 9; MV 12; 0-level; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; D 15, I 16, W 18; ML 12; XP 500 (for rescue); unarmed; keys to all locked doors, cabinets and coffers.

Dr. Alastair is a specialist in natural healing and herbalism. He is a grandfatherly man with wire-framed spectacles and a gray goatee. He is uninjured but frightened for his patients' safety.

Area **13f** contains another mold man (hp 21). The mold man leaps through the open window and into the nearby alley if it fails a morale check. It is armed with a knife taken from the kitchen (Dmg 1d4).

Areas **13b**, **13c**, **13e**, **13h,** and **13i** are currently unoccupied.

14. Emergency Exits. These doors are locked from the inside. Permanent *alarm* spells have been placed on the portals, ringing loudly whenever a door is opened. The *alarms* are loud enough to alert everyone inside the hospital, although the noise is relatively faint in areas 16–22.

Upper Floor

15. Garden Balcony. This balcony is enclosed by a handsome wooden railing and encircles the garden below (area 3). The balcony does not have continual light spells to illuminate it; illumination is provided by whatever light enters through the 10′ square skylights overhead.

16. Garden Storeroom. PCs approaching the door to this room may be attacked by the mold man hiding in the nearby garden. (See area 23i.) This chamber holds all of the equipment and tools used to tend the gardens in areas 3 and 23. There are shovels, hoes, soil tenders, watering cans, digging gloves and several 20-lb. sacks of peat moss. Most of these tools and supplies hang on hooks or sit on shelves. PCs searching the room's contents also find a large metal soil syringe—a hollow tube used to inject liquid fertilizers into soil. This needle can be used to inject the mold men with the potions in area 5, provided a successful attack roll is made (unless the vegepygmy is prone, held, or somehow immobilized).

17. Allenna's Bedroom. The doors to this chamber are locked. The room beyond belongs to the head nurse and herbalist, Allenna Dean, and is furnished with a four-poster bed, a trunk stuffed with clothes, a free-standing mahogany-framed mirror, and a dresser. The DM may elaborate on the decor as required, although PCs should not feel obliged to remove anything from this chamber.

18. Bathroom. This room contains an iron bath tub, a wooden towel rack, a toilet (similar to the ones in area 11), and a water basin affixed to one of the walls. Embedded in the basin's hollow wooden stand is a *decanter of endless water* that fills the basin upon command. (Water from the basin can be used to fill the bath tub when required.) The command words for activating and deactivating the magical *decanter* ("chalure" and "ormand") are known to the hospital staff. The *decanter* was loaned to the hospital by the clerics of a local temple.

19. Dr. Alastair's Bedroom. The doors to Edwin's bedchamber are locked. The room contains a large four-poster bed, a wardrobe containing the doctor's apparel (including several white jackets), a black doctor's bag, and a picture hanging above the fireplace (depicting a local saint, behind which is a concealed compartment holding a locked strongbox containing 100 gp in mixed coinage). In one corner of the chamber rests an elegant harpsicord. The doctor is no great musician, but he likes music and is quite adept at stringing together melodies. He is clean beyond compare and keeps his bedroom impeccably tidy.

20. Potted Plants. This open gallery is decorated by four tropical, flowering

plants. The plants are full-grown, and their 2′ diameter pots are made of well-crafted clay. Next to one of the pots sits a 1-gallon metal spray can with a built-in pump handle. The can is half-filled with water but may be emptied and used to spray the *potions of host restoration* (found in area 5).

21. Nurses' Bedchamber. This room is plainly but comfortably furnished and serves as the sleeping quarters for the two elderly nurses, Ezra and Flora. (Ezra has been replaced by Skargle the doppleganger.) In addition to their respective beds, the nurses share a desk and dresser. The DM may detail the contents of this room as required.

22. Nurses' Bedchamber. This room is where Mary, Antonina, and Elise sleep. Three beds have been pushed against one wall, and standing against the opposite wall is a three-door wardrobe with matching vanity dresser. Each nurse has her own drawer in which to store personal effects. PCs searching the room uncover nothing of considerable value.

23. Arboretum. This gigantic chamber is enclosed by a pitched, glasspane roof supported by wood beams and six wooden pillars. Floor-to-ceiling windows are spaced intermittently along the three outside walls, allowing even more light to enter the area. At night, *continual light* spells can be activated above the gardens and central staircase, simply by saying the command words "lights on." The lighting is a soft yellow color.

There are nine separate gardens in the arboretum, each one affected by a permanent *control temperature* spell. These spells enable Dr. Alastair and Allenna Dean to grow plants and herbs unavailable in their native climate. Some of the gardens thrive in artificial warmth and humidity, while others are more accustomed to dry or cold temperatures. Some of the foliage is quite dense, and many of the plants are full-grown specimens. PCs should feel like they're navigating a wilderness when they walk though this room.

Three mold men (hp 31, 25, 24) have made their lair here. The 31-hp mold man is lurking in area **23e,** the 25-hp mold man has rooted itself in area **23b,** and the 24-hp mold man hides in area **23i** (near the door to area 16). Each garden is detailed below:

Gardens **23a**, **23c,** and **23g** contain a variety of temperate plants and herbs used in medicines and cookery.

Gardens **23d** and **23h** are filled with sub-tropical plants that yield a variety of medicinal herbs and cooking spices.

The plants in garden **23f** are low-lying sub-arctic varieties. There are no plants behind which the vegepygmies can hide, nor would the mold men choose to reside in the garden's colder climate.

The foliage in garden **23b** is thick, and the temperature is warmer and muggier than anywhere else in the arboretum. Partially hidden behind the tropical vegetation, rooted in the middle of the garden, is the 25-hp mold man. The mold man is 90% invisible in the foliage and is in the midst of budding. (See area 3 for details on this procreative process.) Each of the vegepygmy's "buds" has a 5% chance per round (non-cumulative) of falling off and growing into a 1-HD mold man.

Because it has reached the "budding" phase, this mold man is not easily affected by the *potion of host restoration*. It saves against the *potion* at +3.

Garden **23e** is home to a variety of berry shrubs and trees. Hidden in one of the trees is the 31-hp mold man. The mold man is partially camouflaged and has a 1 in 6 chance of being seen. If it is not detected, it leaps out at the party, imposing a –1 penalty to its opponents' surprise rolls.

Garden **23i** is filled with swampy vegetation. Rivulets of water wend their way through the enclosed garden, while hidden among the vines and half-immersed in a pool of muck is the 24-hp mold man. This vegepygmy is 90% invisible while camouflaged and imposes a –3 surprise modifier to opponents' rolls when it attacks. It fights with a small axe (Dmg 1d6) taken from area 16. If it is spotted before it can attack, the mold man retreats into garden 23h and hides there.

Concluding the Adventure

Curing the patients of their mysterious affliction can only be done using the *potions of host restoration* in area 5. (Ideas for how the potions can be administered are listed under "The Mold Men Menace.") The PCs should be given full experience points for saving the patients rather than killing them. Only half XP should be awarded for mold men who are slain. If the PCs go out of their way to destroy the mold men despite Dr. Alastair's pleas, no experience points should be awarded.

If the majority of the patients are restored to human form, Dr. Alastair and his staff express their gratitude by giving the party access to the store's inventory. Allenna will describe a number of herbal brews that may be useful to a party of adventurers (see area 5) and equip the PCs with a limited supply. Word of the party's heroism is spread around the community, no doubt leading them down other avenues of adventure.

Assuming the PCs rescue at least one patient, they may learn who was responsible for infecting the patients with the russet mold. At least one patient will remember seeing the old nurse, Ezra Farell, entering his dorm in the middle of the night and unscrewing the lid of a jar. (The DM may determine randomly which patient was awake to see this.) Dr. Alastair and Allenna have a difficult time believing that Ezra would be capable of such an evil deed. Nevertheless, they are determined to learn the truth.

If Skargle the doppleganger discovers that the PCs and the hospital staff are onto him, he attempts to flee. To avoid detection, Skargle may assume the form of someone less incriminating. If the doppleganger is caught and subdued, he offers to barter for his freedom by divulging the name of his employer. (See "For the Dungeon Master" for details.) If the PCs decide to confront the evil cult that hired the doppleganger, the DM can create an adventure around this conflict. The local authorities arrive soon after the mold men threat is allayed and gladly take the doppleganger into custody. Given its talent for imitation and deception, it's quite possible that Skargle (if alive) escapes to plague the party at some later date. Ω

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All PCs who see the phantom must save vs. death magic with a –2 penalty, or suffer the effects of a *fear* spell. It is important that at least one character make his saving throw.

PCs who aren't scared off by the phantom can follow it up the path toward the cave. About 60 yards farther up the path, the phantom meets the ghost of a small elven boy dressed in trousers and a tunic. This is the ghost of Mikiril.

Ghost of Mikiril: INT high; AL CG; AC 0; MV 9; HD 10; hp 38; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg age 10–40 years; SA: *magic jar,* cause *fear*; SD become ethereal; SZ S (3′ tall); ML special; XP 7,000; *MM*/130.

Because the phantom of Partrinian is already present, PCs need not make a saving throw vs. *fear* when the ghost of the boy appears (two ghosts aren't much more terrifying than one, and the ghost-boy isn't using his *fear* ability yet).

Whereas the phantom of Partrinian ignored the PCs completely, the elven child looks directly at the party before accompanying the phantom further up the path. The spirits continue a short distance (about 10′) along the path before they turn and walk into the hillside (at area **B**). Unless the PCs attack, the ghost of Mikiril ignores them for the moment.

B. The Cave Entrance. There is a small entrance into a cave here, about 2′ in diameter, at chest level, which is partially hidden behind a loose rock. If any PCs arrive at the cave entrance and remove the rock within one round of the ghosts walking through the rock into the cave, they observe the following scene:

> As you watch, the ghost of the elven warrior strides about eight feet into the cave, then bends over and *clutches* its leg. It convulses violently and falls to the floor. Slowly, the image fades, until it is no more.
>
> Throughout, the ghost of the elven child stands a few feet away, observing the death of the translucent knight. When the warrior has vanished, the boy turns towards you with doleful eyes.

Mikiril does not initiate conversation, but he answers any questions the PCs ask. His words are sad and plaintive, and PCs listening to him must save vs. spells or feel a heavy melancholy. This feeling causes a –2 reaction adjustment and –1 to hit, due to lethargy. This is what Mikiril knows:

He discovered this cave in the hills one day, and was playing in a pool near the back. There is a break in his memory, and next he saw his father's death at the hands of "elves with skin the color of the night sky." For some reason, the dark elves were ignoring him. He saw his own body lying face down in a pool near the back of the cave, and knew he had become a ghost. He watched the dark elves drag his father's body into a tunnel that Mikiril hadn't seen when he came in. Moments later, the ground shook, and the tunnel collapsed, killing most of the drow.

Mikiril thinks his father's phantom appears only when the moon is full because he was one of the few elves to carry a sacred moonblade. The boy is right.

It takes the party three rounds to enlarge the cave entrance enough so that they can enter. The PCs can lay Mikiril's ghost to rest by digging up his bones and re-interring them in the forest. Mikiril can show the party where his skeleton lies; it is covered with only three inches of dirt.

If the party digs out the collapsed tunnel for a turn, they can unearth the remains of one of the drow raiders. Amidst the crushed bones and ruined armor is an adamantine *dagger +2*, and a small sack that contains 12 gp, and three amethysts worth 100 gp each. Further digging takes longer yet reveals more drow remains, or even the skeleton of Partrinian, although burying the elven knight's remains does not exorcise the phantom.

C. Bandits on the Trail. Here the thugs from the Old Raccoon lie in wait in the forest to ambush the party (–3 to the PCs' surprise rolls). The bandits break off the attack if bribed or if they are being beaten badly.

Bandits (8): INT average; AL CE; AC 8; MV 9; HD 1–6 hp; hp 6, 5, 5, 4 (×3), 3, 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon (1–6 for short sword or staff, 1–4 for club or dagger); SZ M (6′ tall); ML 9; XP 15; *MM*/196 (Human).

Concluding the Adventure

Torik is glad to receive his *amulet* back and overjoyed if the party gives him one of the gold coins from the drow's body (which are stamped with an ancient elven rune). He and the townsfolk will be happy to hear of the party's deeds, but they are somewhat relieved when the phantom of Partrinian is once again visible the night of the next full moon. The story of the King of Silverhill may change, now that the truth is known, at the DM's discretion.

If the PCs successfully dispel the ghost of Mikiril, recover the drow items, and defeat the bandits, award them 400 XP each. Further adventures could involve the excavation of the tunnel at the back of the cave and the discovery of Partrinian's moonblade. Ω

The Moonblade

Elven moonblades are swords of impressive power, to be prized by any warrior. To the elven race, they are priceless artifacts. Each moonblade is unique, as much a work of art as a weapon. The secret of their manufacture has been all but lost, and those that remain are treasured by the families that own them. Moonblades are traditionally passed down family lines to the eldest trained fighter in each generation, and used by that fighter until he passes it on to the next generation (which can often be as much as 500 years later).

Partrinian's moonblade has been forged from an alloy of mithril and some unknown metal. When held by an elf of good alignment, it imbues a feeling of peace upon the wielder. To elves of neutral alignment, as well as other humanoids of good or neutral alignment, it merely feels like a well-made blade. Any evil being who touches the sword immediately suffers 1d6 hp electrical shock damage from the blade. The magical powers of the blade function only for elven wielders of good alignment.

The moonblade is a *long sword, +2*. Against undead of any sort, it functions as a *+3* weapon. When drawn in bright light, the blade gives off no light. At night, or indoors, it radiates a glow as soft and as pale as moonlight. This glow confers the effects of a *bless* spell on all good elves within a 10′ radius.

If the PCs track down Partinian's descendants (an adventure unto itself) to return the sword, they are sure to be rewarded generously. If they elect to keep the blade, the elves may send emissaries first to ask for the return of the blade, and later to take the blade by force.

See the novel *Elfsong* by Elaine Cunningham for more about moonblades.

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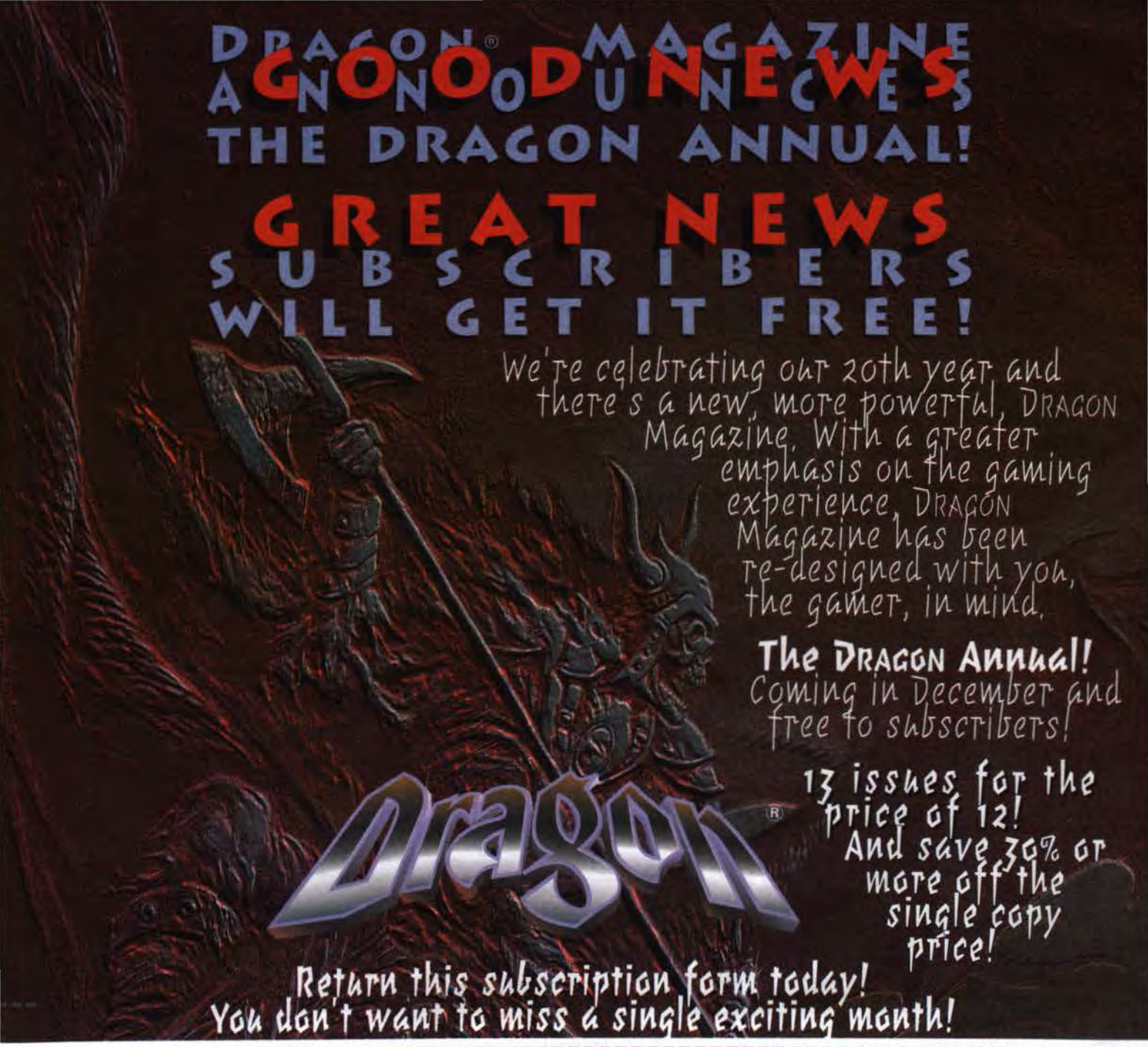
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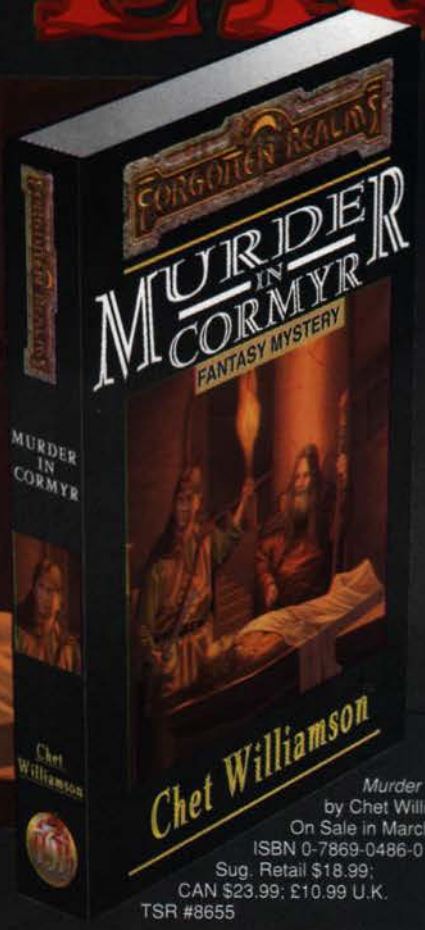

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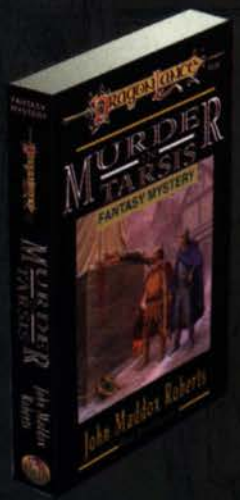

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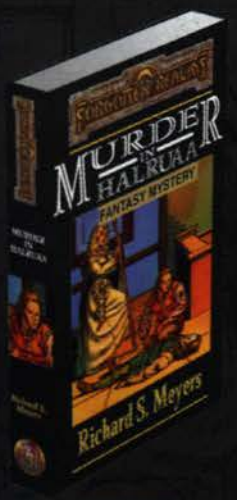

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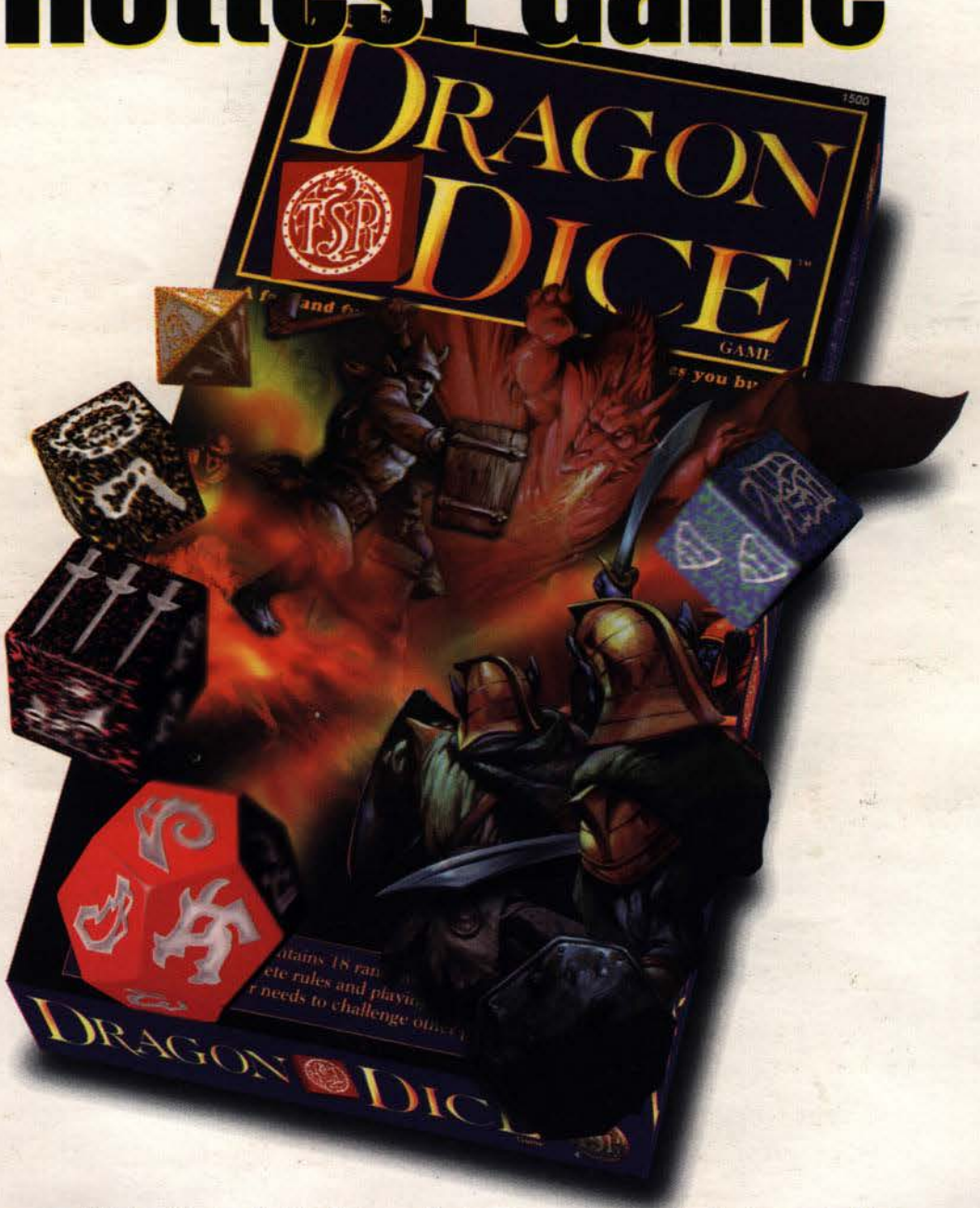

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